

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Annual Cabinet of Modern Foreign Voyages and Travels, selected from the most Recent and Interesting Journals of Eminent Continental Travellers, not before translated into English. Vol. II. 1826. To which is prefixed, *A Retrospect of Geographical Discoveries.* 18mo. pp. 479. London, 1826. Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.

It is not the most attractive in point of embellishment, the Cabinet of Modern Voyages is one of the most instructive and useful of the small elegant annual periodicals. The hazard of two persons translating a foreign work at the same time deters booksellers from venturing on the speculation, to such a degree that many valuable continental publications are almost unknown in this country, or the knowledge is confined to the few who can read, and the fewer who can obtain copies of the original. This is particularly the case with books of voyages and travels, which certainly form one of the most interesting classes of literature. The expense of republishing entire works is another objection against translating them from a foreign language. All these circumstances concur in giving a value to the Annual Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels, which, by giving the most striking portions of narratives of this sort, and a clear view of the discoveries that have been made, supply a desideratum in our literature.

When the first volume of this work was published, twelve months ago, we hailed its appearance with pleasure, and spoke of it in terms of just commendation; the volume now before us is equally valuable and interesting. It contains twelve distinct articles, including the spirit of eleven distinct voyages or travels, and a well written biographical memoir of the celebrated traveller Burckhardt.

The first article in this work is a general view of the most important geographical researches and discoveries that have recently been made, up to the present day. In the account of the voyage of Captain Duperrey, of the Coquille, the writer, we perceive, (as we mentioned in our last,) that the Coquille did not lose a man during the voyage. In noticing the visit to the Sandwich Islands, we have the following romantic account:—

‘From the detached notices which have hitherto appeared in France, we learn that on the 22d of April, 1823, he discovered, near the dangerous Archipelago, some new islands, to which he gave the names of Clermont Tonnerre, Augier, Freycinet, and Lostange. They found Otaheite to be quite changed from what it formerly was. Not

one of the numerous canoes which formerly welcomed Wallis, Bougainville, Cook, and Vancouver, came to meet the Coquille. It was Sunday, and all the inhabitants were at church. The island has now been converted to Christianity by the English missionaries. The women, too, were more reserved, and did not come on board the ship as they used to do. The king has only one wife, and they have entirely abolished the custom of killing children, and offering human sacrifices. Almost all the inhabitants can read and write, they have religious books in their own language, which are printed in the island. Six and thirty churches are already built in Otaheite, Ulietea, and Eimeo, where the whole people assemble twice a-week to attend service, in which they join with much devotion. Nay, many of the hearers are often seen taking notes with a pencil during the sermon. Every year the missionaries assemble the whole population, consisting of seven thousand souls, in the Church of Papahoa, which has been built on purpose to receive so great a number of people. One of these annual meetings was held at the time Captain Duperrey was there, they were then discussing a new code of laws; the most distinguished chiefs ascended the tribune, and spoke for hours together, with extraordinary animation. Some strangers, whom the French officers met with in these islands, were of opinion that the missionaries had required too much, and had made the people real slaves. It seemed very probable that a revolution would soon take place, the inhabitants being very discontented, and having very unwillingly given up some of their ancient customs, which were very innocent. Thus they have been forbidden to tattoo themselves, to dance, to play upon the flute, and to wear wreaths of flowers. Whoever transgresses these orders, is condemned to make a piece of road, at least twenty toises in length. This is the origin of the road which runs round the whole island, and is made in a very solid manner.

‘Many of the inhabitants have retired into the mountains, to live according to their old customs, and there are many ambitious chiefs in the island. The last king, Pomaré II. who died two years before, left only two infant children. The young king, Pomaré III. is now (end of 1825) between five and six years of age. The regency is in the hands of his aunt, who is a native of another island, and not much liked, so that it may be feared that the crown will be transferred to another family. Perhaps the island may one day fall into the hands of an European power. It would be very convenient for Russia, on account of the trade of Kamtschatka, and the

north-west coast of America. England, under whose protection it was, has refused, as it is said, to continue it, except on condition, that the island receives an English garrison, and hoists the English flag. Otaheite has declined this, and had declared itself independent of England, two months before Captain Duperrey's arrival, and planted a red flag, with a white star in the upper corner. There is no doubt that commerce will flourish in Otaheite; a trade is already opened with Port Jackson, to which the island exports pickled pork, bacon, cocoa-oil, cotton, sugar, &c. They have also discovered veins of iron, and a root called ava, which possesses extraordinary medicinal virtues, and promises to become a most important article of commerce.’

After the introduction, follows a Journey in North Holland, made in June, 1822; this part of Holland, though the most singular part of the Netherlands, is very little visited, travellers generally contenting themselves with spending a few days at the Hague, Leyden, Haerlem, and Amsterdam. The writer, whose name is not stated, appears to have had good opportunities of making himself acquainted with the country and the manners of the people. Of the former he gives the following account:—

‘This rich and interesting country projects boldly into the midst of the waves, and is of a very remarkable shape. It is united to the rest of the Continent by a very narrow tongue of land, and yet in a length of twenty leagues it is often from six to seven broad. The sands and the waves constantly dispute the possession of it. The soil is almost everywhere much below the level of the sea, which a breath of wind may send over your heads; and in the midst of every thing that is calculated to excite alarm, the lace of the humblest country-woman, the china of the nearest cottage, are no less carefully attended to, than the gigantic works, which are destined to conduct into these marshes, all the commerce of the world. Man appears very great, contrasted with nature, which has treated him like a step-mother.’

There is a good road from Haerlem to Alckmaer, but it is the only one passable: not a stone is to be found, and the Dutch, of whom it is said, they *built Holland*, have had to fetch from the mountains of Norway the rocks which form the dikes, and from the quarries of Italy the immense quantity of marble which adorns all the houses. The Dutch are fond of summer-houses, though the prospect they command is unvaried and monotonous. On the iron-gates, closing the bridges by which they are approached, the name of the retreat is inscribed in gold let-

ters, and these names are not always simple and unaffected, as some of the cottages are called 'Sweet Repose,' 'Far from Business,' &c. Of Alckmaer, the capital of North Holland, we have the following account:—

'If a person were immediately conveyed to Alckmaer from the dirty villages in the south of France, the paltry towns of Prussia, or the dilapidated huts of Ireland, he would not think it possible that it was inhabited by beings of the same species. The appearance is extremely striking; it is a little open town, not containing ten thousand inhabitants. It has neither a court to give it an air of opulence, nor mineral waters to attract the rich and the idle. It is always the same, existing by itself and its sedentary and plain inhabitants; nothing, however, can equal its lustre. It is very ancient, and the roofs, separated from each other on the top, look like little steeples, and form on each side of the street a series of festoons of great elegance. The outside of the houses is much more ornamented, and their forms more various than at the Hague, which is an entirely noble and modern town. The colours are glaring; the bricks are for the most part of their natural colour, but sometimes painted yellow or green. Each house immediately fronting the street much resembles in this respect the English houses; but instead of the kennel between the latter and the street, the Dutch houses have a fence of stone or iron, thus enclosing a slip of ground before the house, the reason of which is not very evident. If this succession of barricades were removed, the street would have on each side an excellent marble foot pavement. But these fortifications on the other hand, add much to the picturesque character of the view; and as to the effect produced by the shining knockers of the doors, the bright windows, and the carefully swept street, it is too well known to be dwelt upon. The luxury of these windows, the glass of which, tinged with pink, blue, or, above all, purple, gives to objects out of doors, a hue which is thought more agreeable, is alone very remarkable. It is very expensive, and yet it is met with in the smallest towns, and even in the villages. The town-hall, which strikes you at once, in the middle of the great street, is more ornamented than all the rest; the boldness of the fancy-work of its little towers, its thousands of rosettes and ogives are not destitute of elegance, or even of taste. There is a delicacy, a fineness of workmanship which is not seen in our most beautiful modern edifices.'

In order to enable vessels to reach Amsterdam by a more direct and less dangerous course than through the Zuydersee,—

'A canal has been dug from the Helder to Amsterdam, across the whole of North Holland; and this work, which would be so extraordinary in any country, seems still more singular in the midst of seas and waters which surround it on all sides, and appear to render it at once superfluous and impossible. For an extent of nearly thirty leagues a canal has been dug, or is still digging, one hundred and twenty feet broad, and twenty-five deep. The canal of Languedoc is on an average only forty feet broad and six deep. When

this work is finished, the whole military and mercantile navy of the most maritime nation of the Continent, will sail between the flocks and windmills. The present king, who is remarkable for his desire to immortalize his reign by great enterprises, has taken extraordinary interest in this, and has personally attended to the direction of the works. They were commenced only two years ago, and the canal is already complete from Amsterdam to Alckmaer (June 1822.) The total expense is estimated at ten or twelve millions of florins (about a million sterling.)

The Dike of the Helder is a striking instance of Dutch industry and perseverance:

'The great dike of the Helder, which is nearly two leagues in length, is forty feet broad at the summit, over which there is a very good road. It descends into the sea by a slope of two hundred feet, inclining about forty degrees. The highest tides are far from covering the top; the lowest are equally far from showing the base. At certain distances, enormous buttresses, broad and high in proportion to the rest, and constructed with still greater solidity, project several hundred toises into the sea. This artificial and gigantic coast is entirely composed of blocks of granite, all brought from Norway; and these masses, which look as if it were impossible to move them, are levelled and squared like a pavement. The number of rocks which are seen at one view is sufficient to confound the imagination. How much more, then, when we think on the quantities buried beneath the waves, to serve as the foundation of such mountains.'

The author of this journey dwells more on the country than the people: a few characteristic sketches of the latter are, however, given:—

'Among the farmers of Guelderland we meet with customs which have been in vogue many centuries. On Whitsunday they assemble early in the morning, in companies, to attend to the fields, the young women who are going to milk the cows, and to regale themselves with new milk. These excursions do not always end to the satisfaction of the whole company, and the shepherdess thus escorted often derives but little gratification from it; if she is unsociable, cross, slovenly, the first object that strikes her eyes is an ugly and ridiculous scarecrow, placed at the entrance of the meadow; her more amiable companion finds in the neighbouring fields her most beautiful cow crowned with flowers.'

At Saardam is the cottage of Peter the Great, where he worked as a shipwright, which our traveller thus describes:—

'We see nothing but a hut made of planks, consisting of two apartments, with nothing particular in the construction, and scarcely any other furniture than an old woman, who assures us that her parents had seen the czar, and would willingly swear that she had seen him herself if she were urged. Of course the partition and the chimney-piece are covered with a multitude of names. The most remarkable is that of the Emperor Alexander, who, on a tablet of white marble let into the wall for the purpose, has imitated the noble

brevity of Catharine the Second, having carved on it the words *Petro primo Alexander primus*. But the governors and civil officers of the country, who accompanied the emperor on his visit, have thought it necessary to inform the world of it, and to add to this laconic phrase a long list of their titles.'

As we intend to return to this volume in our next, we shall, for the present, conclude with some extracts from Colonel Dronville's travels in Persia. The colonel is a gallant Frenchman, and declares the Persian women are 'indisputably the most beautiful in the world.' After describing Persian beauty in the most glowing colours, the colonel says,—

'If I were inclined, however, to find any fault with them, it would be that their faces are too round, which is considered as the highest degree of beauty in this country: the Persian poets, speaking of handsome faces, always compare them to the full moon. They have almost all of them another defect, which I ascribe to their confined life; this is an habitual paleness; but they give themselves a colour in such a simple manner, that it is difficult for the most skilful eye to discover whether they are indebted for it to nature or art. Those women who are obliged to have recourse to it, employ soap of a peculiar composition, known only in this country, which they use in the following manner:—

'After having well washed the face, and wiped it with very fine linen, they rub gently with a piece of cachemere, to stimulate the skin, and render it susceptible of absorption: they then pass over it two or three times, this soap, quite dry, and afterwards rub it lightly with the same cachemere; which is sufficient to produce such a brilliant and transparent colour, that it is easy to be deceived by it, and to believe it natural. This soap, whatever use is made of it, never injures the skin, and always produces the same effect.'

'The Persian women appear to pay little regard to their breasts, though very handsome, but they take great care of their arms, and particularly of their hands. They tinge them from time to time with the drug called Henne, and thus render them soft, smooth, plump, and white as ivory.'

Of the marriages in Persia, which are always negotiated by old women, the colonel gives the following account:—

'When a family think of marrying a young man, his mother, aunt, or some other woman, visits all the harems till she has found the person whom she supposes will please him the most; and as the future bridegroom can never see her, they give him a description of her, which is never exaggerated either in favour or otherwise, for fear of reproaches in the sequel. If the marriage should be broken off on this account, the anger of both families would fall on those female negotiators, which renders them very circumspect. If the description of the person pleases the young man, and he decides in her favour, the parents meet and regulate the interests of the young couple. The intended husband gives a certain sum, which becomes at all events the portion of the woman. As for all articles

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connected with the toilet and the nuptial bed, they are provided by the mother of the bride. The time for the betrothing is then fixed, and all the acquaintances are invited to come on a certain day and hour, to be present at the ceremony, which consists in presenting the young man to all the company, and announcing that he has that day given his word to such a young woman, and the day for the marriage is fixed. After a collation of fruits, sweetmeats, and sherbet, musicians, singers, and dancers are introduced, and this little fête generally lasts till night.

'The mother of the young lady gives a similar fête to the ladies of her acquaintance in her harem, where she also has public female singers and dancers, who never perform except in these places, and only before women; at least, this is the case at present, for it seems that in the times of Chardin, they led a very dissipated life, which, like many other things, has much changed since.

'After this kind of ceremony, some months, and often even years, pass; for in great families, children are betrothed when they are four or five years of age. When the time is come, and the day for the wedding fixed, the bride proposes her final conditions to her intended before giving her consent: they generally consist in demands of dresses, shawls, jewels, slaves, and often even money and lands. Whether the husband grants, modifies, or refuses, it is almost always certain, that this will not break off his marriage, the woman having no will whatever in this case, and making demands of this kind only in compliance with ancient customs, which every day lose much of their influence; it is even rarely that any attention is paid to the ungallant messages, in which the brides ask much to obtain a little; and they sometimes esteem themselves very happy at not being totally refused. If they will not desist, the men give what is demanded of them, but make the woman return it when she enters the harem. She would not venture to refuse, for fear of being sent back to her family.

'When the wedding-day is come, the young man, accompanied by his relations and a Mollah, repairs to the court-yard of the harem of his bride, who, behind the blinds of her window, and without being seen, is asked by the priest if she accepts for her husband the man whom she sees before her; on her replying in the affirmative, the same question is put to the young man, who accepts, without having seen, her who has consented to give him her hand. Then the priest pronounces the sacramental words of union, which completes the ceremony, and the husband is at liberty to fix the day when he will come and fetch his wife, which, however, he never does in less than a month. On the day appointed, he assembles all his friends, who, to the number of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, mount their horses, armed cap-a-pee; several women also mount on horseback, and lead a horse richly caparisoned for the bride; two hours before sunset all this cavalcade, preceded by musicians, singers, and dancers, repairs to the abode of the bride, making, as they go along, frequent discharges of musketry. The husband, as

soon as he arrives, looks everywhere for his wife, who must be well concealed: at length he finds her, but veiled; then a kind of struggle begins, he attempts to carry her away, to persuade her; she refuses; the more he urges, the more she resists; it would be thought highly improper if she easily quitted her father's house: accordingly she cries out as if she were being murdered. The husband, finding all his entreaties of no avail, carries her off, in spite of the cries which custom prescribes, and places her on the horse prepared for her. The women surround her, and all together follow the procession, which, always preceded by music and dancers, never repairs to the house of the husband till it has gone through the town. The bridegroom with his company enters the divan, while the bride is led to the harem. The diversions continue till the evening; then supper is served up, which often lasts till midnight. The guests then accompany the bridegroom to the door of his harem, wishing him all kinds of prosperity, and especially that the sight of his bride may not disgust him with her. The musicians, singers, and dancers, who have led the wedding procession, take up their quarters in the outer court-yards of the house, where they perform, day and night, often for a week together. As long as this noisy melody continues, it is a proof that the fête is not finished, and the tables remain covered in the house of the bridegroom till the performers are discharged.

'When the women are informed of the arrival of the bridegroom, they again cover the face of the bride, custom requiring that he shall remove her veil, and this is the first thing he does on entering the room; and as it is the first time he sees her, it is also the most critical moment for her. If she has not the good fortune to please him, he immediately goes out, without saying a word; and it is but too well known what this means: nothing is heard but lamentations, sobs, and cries, and she is immediately taken back to her parents. Her husband is obliged, in this case, to leave her the portion, the jewels, and the effects which he has given her. These events are now rare; for there are few young men who have not by some means or other got a sight of their intended bride, either by stratagem, or that the latter, sure of their charms, unveil themselves, as by accident, in some solitary place, where their suitors are concealed by the contrivance of the old women.

'If the bride pleases the bridegroom, he sits down by her, assures her that she will be always dear to him, and thanks the ladies who have accompanied her. The latter, seeing that the young couple are on good terms, soon leave them alone; the female slaves make the bed, and all retire except the oldest, who assists the husband to induce the bride to go to bed, which she never consents to, till she has been entreated for several hours; and as it would be a kind of libertinage to show a readiness to yield to the wishes of her husband, there are young wives who refuse for months together.

(To be continued in our next.)

Sermons, Expositions, and Addresses at the Holy Communion. By the late REV. ALEXANDER WAUGH, Minister of the Scots Church, in Miles Lane, London; with a short Memoir of the Author. Second Edition. London, 1826. T. and G. Underwood.

THOUGH the review of sermons is neither our usual nor favourite employment, yet such are the uncommon merits of this volume, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure, and our readers the profit, of introducing it to their attention. The subjects discussed, are—1. Christ crucified, the chosen theme of St. Paul's preaching.—2. The grace and condescension of the Son of God.—3. Meditations at the tomb of the risen Saviour.—4. Gratitude for victory over the last enemy.—5. The consolations of religion.—6. The privileges of the sons of God.—7. The piety of the Saviour.—8. The love of God.—9. Without God in the world.—10. The opposite tendency of sin and righteousness.—11. The importance of growth in religious knowledge.—12. Christian Charity.—13. The Saviour's power over evil spirits. Fragment of a sermon, with two table services. Being a posthumous work, and neither prepared for the press, nor polished with the author's own hand, these discourses appear under many disadvantages; but we hesitate not to affirm that, notwithstanding this circumstance, they will bear a comparison with those sermons which have obtained the largest share of popular applause—Dr. Blair's not excepted. In them there is more divinity, not less philosophy, and equal knowledge of the various traits of human character. The language equally accurate, flowing, nervous, and eloquent. These sermons are rich in evangelical truths, untinged with that cant and vulgar phraseology, which tends to offend the chaste taste and the enlightened mind. From the intellectual stores of the author's mind, the various departments of philosophy, history, and science, have afforded materials to enliven and enrich his pages; he has borrowed gold from every quarter to adorn the temple of God. Among the peculiar excellencies of this work, the author is particularly happy in the definition of the different feelings and passions of the mind, the description of different characters, or faculties, or dispositions, or mental processes, or operations; the following are mentioned, and a few examples produced:—'Personification, emulation, love, friendship, death, the God of Providence, imitation, virtuous and disordered affections, conscience, the death of a good man, the progress of vice, the habit of obedience, the advantages of general knowledge to religious inquiries, the progressive steps of religious knowledge, the government of the desires, definition of patience and of charity, the pleasures of charity, and that charity due to religion, the processes of Satan's temptations, the ministrations of departed friends, the existence of the Deity proved, description of eternity and of intelligence.'

In proving the being of a God, the author says,—

'There are two modes under which all beings must exist, necessity and contingency. A

being, subsisting under necessity, is, according to the common definition, a being, the supposition of whose non-existence is absurd. A being subsisting under contingency is a being, the supposition of whose non-existence involves no contradiction. One of the most obvious properties of a being existing necessarily, is infinity of essence, for if he be conceived to be confined to limited space, then every where beyond that space, his existence would be contingent, which it cannot be at the same time in which it is necessary. The reverse of this will be the case with a being existing contingently, he must be finite in his essence, for necessary and contingent existence being diametrically opposed to each other, the parallel consequence, legally deduced from each, must be opposite in the same degree.

It may farther be remarked, with respect to all contingent existence, that it must be the effect either of a being existing necessarily, or it must be the cause of itself. This latter alternative is impossible. The cause must be prior to the effect, both in order and in time, and to maintain that an object is the cause of itself, is to affirm the existence of the effect operating as a cause prior to its existence, as an effect—a contradiction as palpable in thought as in language.

There is no adequate argument for the existence of Deity, but that which is founded on the nature of the universe, as a contingent existence, and this one argument is quite sufficient. There can be no doubt of the fact. The whole manifestly subsists under relations of extension and of duration, and this finiteness declares it to be a contingent existence, and, as such, the effect of a cause existing by necessity.

It does in no wise affect the conclusion thus drawn, to introduce another contingent existence as producing this one,—itself again produced by a third; a third by a fourth, *ad infinitum*; for, independently of any objection which might justly be advanced against such a process as quite gratuitous, we know well that the fancied chain, so many links of which atheists affect to point out, until it be enveloped in the clouds which infinity throw around it, however high imagination may carry it, must have some point of suspension, and that that point can be no other than an infinite and necessarily existing God.

Of the ministration of departed friends, the author says:—

'Amidst our contests with our spiritual foes, let us take comfort that we are allowed to hope we have the assistance of those friends who have left this for a higher state of action and of blessedness. The evidence upon which we rest this consolatory truth is indeed liable to be cavilled at; for it is not so much the formal declaration of Scripture, as an inference which its tenour involves. While we grant this much, however, we must remark, that the opposite notion is destitute of all countenance, direct and remote. Are we told that there occurs a passage in the book of Job, which controverts this consolatory notion, by intimating that the dead are removed from the knowledge of the events

transacted in this lower world? Let us remember that the book of Job is only the inspired record of the saying of uninspired men, the justness of whose sentiments, and the soundness of whose opinions, are to be ascertained in like manner with our own, by an appeal to the revelations of God; and that it ought little to influence the creed of those, to whom it is given to investigate truth by the full blaze of gospel light, that a worshipper in the dawn, guided by a few lingering distorted rays of the primeval revelation, hath said "his sons come to honour and he knoweth it not; they are brought low, but he perceiveth not of them;" while on the other hand, St. Paul enumerates the Old Testament worthies, who had obtained a good report through faith, for this purpose that he might stir us up, and seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, who, as the spectators at ancient games, (such is the illusion,) take a deep interest in all the incidents of the combat. On what good ground, then, must we believe that they are forbidden to join the holy angels in aiding our virtue? forbidden to advance our moral perfection, by exercises of benevolence? forbidden to indulge their inclination in forwarding the interests of their Redeemer's kingdom, and of those individuals they have left behind, and with whom Providence has placed them in the most sacred relations? Has He who regulates the economy of the future state doomed me to be an uninterested spectator of my family's ruin? Shall He who, while on this earth, called power from heaven, to bring back his friend; He, who while he was suspended in agony, forgot not his mother and the disciple whom he loved; shall He not respect in my breast those emotions that circulated so warmly in his own? Friend of my youth and companion of my manhood; with whom I held sweet converse in the way to Zion, who was wont to encompass with me the family altar, to come with me to the house of prayer, and to sit down with me at the table of the Lord,—

'Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian spirit! lend,
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
The silent whispers, purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and foolish heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can hurt us more.'

This volume commences with a short and interesting memoir of the author, but issuing from the pen of his near relative, delicacy has prevented him from drawing the lineaments of his mind and lively imagination in those strong and vivid colours that a discriminating stranger would have done, and which the internal evidence of this volume would have warranted. It is gratifying, however to find, that a second edition has been called for. We have had the pleasure of hearing some of his lectures upon the Epistle to the Galatians, which were certainly too good to be lost to a religious public.

The Prospect, and other Poems. By EDWARD MOXON. 12mo. pp. 110. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

THE Prospect is the first production of a very young man, and a very good prospect it is. In the preface, he states that he is 'unlettered, self-taught, ignorant of every language, except his native tongue, and even imperfect in that.' Mr. Moxon's modesty makes him undervalue his talents and acquirements. It appears that these poems were all written during the last summer, either as a recreation on a Sunday morning or at the midnight hour; but, though composed under the disadvantages the author states, his poems do him much credit, and display considerable poetic talent, blended with correct feeling. The following picture of rural life and happiness is a fair specimen of the poem:—

'As through the year its various scenes we trace,
The blossom's beauty, or its riper grace;
When summer fruits to deck the groves begin,
The sun on earth his vertic rays to fling,
The parched flocks, to seek the cooling rill,
For shaded valleys leave the sun-brown hill,
Again we view the peasant with his scythe,
Still happier than before, and still more blithe.
See them outstretch'd, they form a rustic row,
All bend at once the narrow blade to mow.
Not far behind, a train all mirth and glee—
The village fair, a comely sight to see.
There many a joke and many a trick they play,
While blushes oft the lover's heart betray.
If cares they had, like winter, they are fled,
And left them as the lark, which sings o'erhead.
The grass they spread beneath the sun's bright ray,
Whose heat absorbs its dewy life away.
Slow and afar, they hear the village bell,
The cheerful hour denotes,—they know full well.
See them, a group set down beneath the shade,—
The rustic swain, the tittering youthful maid.
Outspread before them is their sweet repast;
They all partake, while many a look is cast
Where sits the fair one whom they all dispute,
Each claims her to himself, yet all are mute.
There many a rival look disturbs each face,
Still mirth and laughter echo round the place.
Close at their feet there flows a gentle stream,
Where nymphs may bathe, and bards reclining dream:
To cool their thirsts, each sober bends to draw
The crystal liquid with a pipe of straw.
Thus, with their little, far more bless'd are they
Than those who Pleasure's voice, or Vice obey.
'When bending trees the peasant's toil supply,
And clustering fruit salutes the wand'ring eye;
When hills and dales o'erflow with waving grain;
When Ceres smiles, and plenty strews the plain;
When autumn tints for summer's bloom appear,
When pale and sickly wanes the fainting year;
When every breeze that once sweet fragrance bore,
Now spreads the scene with desolation o'er,—
At each return the leaves around us fall:
There we a lesson learn, "the lot of all;"
Like them we bud, we burst in manhood's bloom,
Like them we sink forgotten in the tomb—
When every shrub to man becomes a friend,
The faithful mirror of his certain end;

Again we see, with sickle in his hand,
The rustic reaper trudging to his band.
Careless he carols, healthful, never sad;
With hat of straw, and robes of *jean* he's clad.
Again he leaves the world o'erwhelm'd in sleep,
While he descends the vale or climbs the steep;

At every step he hears some joyous sound,
While dews of balmy odour breathe around.
Before him, fruits and crops extending lie;
Above, the sun salutes him from the sky.
Thus, as goes forth the school-boy to his play,
He hastens to his toil without delay:
Arriv'd in field, the maiden coy, the swain,
With careful hand they reap the trembling grain;

In form they spread it on the stubble ground,
Then into sheaves they bind it closely round.
Anon in piles they raise the comely shock,
Then lead with mirth away their plenteous stock.

'Midst all their joy they don't forget the poor,
Who stay behind to pick the remnant store;
But rather leave, with pity truly kind,
The broken ear—to widow'd age resign'd,
Who leaves her cot with orphan at her side,
Alike with her to poverty allied:
Thither with weak infirmities she's led,
The grain to gather for a little bread.
The industrious peasants' just reward to bless,
To crown their labour and their good success,
The housewife neat with joy a feast prepares:
The parlour trim the festive scene declares;
The long kept store, preserv'd such times to grace,

No longer crumbles in its hiding place.
The fatted fowl, with hams rich spread before;
The knighted loin, with juice rich steaming o'er,

Now crowd the table in the antique hall,
Where box and holly grace the whitewash'd wall.

The hour arriv'd, the smiling guests drop in:
The bashful maid, with beauty's charm to win,
By mimic art unspoil'd, appears to view
Sweet as the rose in all its native hue.
Now comes the welcome founder of the feast;
The hostess too, though not in size the least.
The swain sits down, a maid to grace his side,
Thus flow'rs alternate bloom in all their pride.
Now each consults his partner what she'll try,
Swain strives with swain in kindness to out-vie;

One this approves, the other that commends,
And this a rival to a fair one sends.
At last all suit their palate or their eye,
And find their choice 'midst such a rich supply.
Then, lest their spirits droop, they soon regale
With sparkling draughts of mirth-inspiring ale.
They pledge around; each toasts the girl he loves,

Whose heart consents to what her look re-proves.

The merry hours still later to prolong,
Each tells a tale, or sings a jovial song.
And those who neither song nor tale can boast,
With six o'erflowing bumpers drink a toast.
The barn lit up, where last year's grain was kept,

Is next announced—the floor already swept;
Its bare brick walls with wreaths of green are hung,

In gay devices flowers around are strung.
Far in a corner perch'd, on stool remote,
The village minstrel plays his lightsome note.
The master's son, beneath the wond'ring glance
Of all around, with sister leads the dance.
Away they whirl; too quickly flies the night
For hearts so happy and so gaily light.

Quadrilles or waltzes find not there a place:
In country-dances round and round they trace,
Till peeping Phœbus bright imparts the hour,
And morning rises from her golden bow'r.
Such are the scenes which happy make the swain;

These are the joys which leave no fevering pain.

Again, as rolls the year upon its close,
In new festivity he finds repose.
When bounteous Christmas calls her train around,

He is the chief to whom her joys abound:
Again those scenes exhilarate his soul,
Again for him o'erflows the festive bowl;
He revels in returning rural bliss,
And 'neath the mystic bush purloins a kiss.'

Some of the minor pieces are very pretty, and we hope this volume will at once rescue Mr. Moxon from that obscurity in which it is impossible he can remain after the proof it affords of his genius.

Alexander I. Emperor of Russia; or, a Sketch of his Life, and of the most Important Events of his Reign. By H. E. LLOYD, Esq. 8vo. pp. 315. London, 1826. Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.

THE life of a sovereign must in a great degree partake of the history of the period in which he lives; the effect of his personal character on the events of his reign will, however, depend very materially on the nature of the government. In a country governed by a constitution like England, the power of the king is so hedged in and divided by the other two branches of the legislature, and the advice of his ministers, that he can scarcely be charged with any error in policy, which he rather sanctions than creates; it is, however, very different in a country like Russia, where Jack Cade's wish is realized, and the mouth of an individual is the law of the land. In such a country, almost every thing depends on the personal character of the sovereign, who is unrestrained by law, and has nothing to fear but the dagger or the bow-string—those instruments of terror and of vengeance which have been frequently used against the princes of Russia.

There is, we believe, but one opinion of the Emperor Alexander's character, and that is, that his natural disposition was mild and amiable; bred up in a licentious court, and taught to look for nothing but obedience, it could not be expected that he should be a model of virtue or discreet government; there is, however, no doubt that the Russian court became much less immoral during the reign of the late sovereign, and that although some acts of unwarrantable despotism are imputable to him, that his reign was mild and benevolent compared with that of his predecessor. Perhaps the greatest fault Alexander committed, was being at the head of that conspiracy against freedom and against nature, somewhat profanely called the Holy Alliance, an union which unblushingly defends every crime of legitimacy, and sets its face against every thing tending to constitutional government. Mr. Lloyd, who seems to praise the object of this alliance, acknowledges that when its principles were to be applied the sovereigns themselves were the interpreters of it; and that it may be made the most for-

midable instrument of oppression and degradation. The death of the Emperor Alexander and the course of events may, however, dissolve this alliance, or defeat its dangerous power.

Mr. Lloyd, in his memoir of the late emperor, which comes very opportunely, gives a biographical sketch of his life and of the principal events of his reign; the memoir is written with impartiality, and affords a fair estimate of the character of Alexander.

It is known that the late Emperor of Russia, who was born the 23d of December, 1777, and was educated under Colonel La Harpe of Geneva, ascended the throne of Russia on the assassination of his father the Emperor Paul, whose mad tyranny excited a conspiracy against him, at the head of which was Count Pahlen, then the chief of the foreign department of the police and of the government of St. Petersburg. Paul, like all despots, lived in a continued dread of danger, and even feared his own family, whom he destined sending to prison: at this period Pahlen consulted Alexander, then grand duke, and urged the necessity of deposing the emperor.

'The prince, pressed by the danger, agreed to every thing, with the only condition, that the life of his father should be saved. In spite of the difficulty of giving positive assurances on this subject, Pahlen however promised, at all events, the life of Paul should not be threatened. The project was to be carried into execution on the 22nd of March; but the grand duke insisted that it should be deferred till the next day, because, on that day the guard of the palace was to be confided to the battalion of Semonowski, which the Grand Duke Constantine commanded in person, and which was devoted to him. Pahlen yielded to the desire of the prince.

'The palace of Michailow, built by Paul, on the site of the old summer palace, is a massy edifice, in a bad style, and surrounded with bastions. It was in vain that the emperor daily added to the fortifications, to secure himself against the revenge of those whom he had offended. Pahlen, as well as the other leaders of the conspiracy, was acquainted with every part of it. Some hours before the execution of the plot, Count Pahlen augmented the number of the conspirators by adding to them some young men of family, who, on that day, had been degraded, and beaten in a most cruel manner, for faults which scarcely merited a reprimand. Pahlen himself released them from prison, and took them to supper at General Talizin's, colonel of the Presbaschewskoi regiment of guards, who, as well as General Depreradovitch, colonel of the Semonowski regiment, had drawn into the conspiracy almost all the officers; they did not yet venture to confide in the soldiers, but they reckoned upon their obedience.

'Plato Subow, the last favourite of Catherine II. and General Benningsen were present at this entertainment. They placed themselves at the head of one part of the conspirators, and Pahlen commanded the other; the two troops together amounted to about sixty persons, most of whom were in-

flamed with wine. Subow and Benningsen were preceded by the aid-de-camp Arkamakow, who daily made reports to the emperor. This officer conducted them by a staircase, which led directly to an anti-chamber, where two hussars of the Imperial Guard, and two valets slept. In passing through the gallery to which this door opened they were stopped by a sentinel, who cried, "Who goes there?" Benningsen replied, "Silence! you see where we are going." The soldier understanding what was going forward, knit his brows, crying, "Patrol, pass!" in order that if the emperor had heard the noise, he might believe that it was made by the patrol. After this, Arkamakow advanced rapidly and knocked softly at the valet de chambre's door; the latter, without opening, demanded his business. "I come to make my report."—"Are you mad? it is midnight."—"What do you say? it is six o'clock in the morning: open the door quick, for you will make the emperor very angry with me." The valet at last opened the door, but seeing seven or eight persons enter the chamber sword in hand, he ran to hide himself in a corner. One of the hussars, who had more courage, attempted to resist, but was immediately cut down with a sabre; the other disappeared.

In this manner Benningsen and Subow penetrated to the emperor's chamber. Subow, not seeing the prince in bed, cried, "Good God! he has escaped." Benningsen, more composed, having made a careful search, discovered the emperor behind a screen. Having approached the prince, he saluted him with his sword, and announced to him that he was a prisoner, by order of the Emperor Alexander; that his life would be respected, but that it was requisite for his safety, that he should make no resistance. Paul made no answer. By the glimmering of a night-lamp, the confusion and terror which were painted at the same time in his countenance, were easily perceived. Benningsen, without loss of time, examined the whole room; one door led to the apartments of the empress: a second, which was that of the wardrobe, afforded no farther issue: two others belonged to recesses, which contained the colours of the regiments of the garrison, as also a great number of swords belonging to officers, who were put under arrest. While Benningsen was shutting these doors, and putting the keys into his pocket, Subow repeated in Russian to the emperor, "Sire, you are a prisoner by order of the Emperor Alexander."—"How! a prisoner!" replied the emperor. A moment afterwards, he added, "What have I done to you?"—"For these four years past you have tortured us," replied one of the conspirators.

The prince was in his night-cap; he had only thrown over him a flannel jacket, he was standing without shoes or stockings before the conspirators, who had their hats on, and their swords in their hands.

If Paul had retained his presence of mind, he might have escaped, either by means of a trap-door which opened under his bed, or by the apartments of the empress; but fear had entirely disconcerted him, and at the first noise, he had thrown himself under

the bed without taking any resolution; perhaps he did not venture to take refuge in the apartments of the empress, thinking that a conspiracy against him could not have been contrived without the consent and encouragement of a princess, whom he knew to be beloved by the people, as much as he was disliked.

At the moment when they were securing the emperor, some noise being heard, Subow hastened to the Grand Duke Alexander. The apartments of this prince were under those of his father. He had with him only his brother Constantine and the two grand duchesses, their wives; Constantine had not been initiated in the secret till the same evening; though he did not love the emperor, it was feared that he might be guilty of some indiscretion. These four persons waited with the greatest anxiety for the issue of the affair: the arrival of Subow did not a little contribute to augment their uneasiness. Meantime Benningsen, who had remained in the emperor's chamber, with a small number of the conspirators, was greatly embarrassed; he would have been more so, if Paul had taken his sword to defend himself; but this unfortunate prince did not utter a single word, and remained motionless.

The emperor was found in this state of stupor by some of the conspirators, who, in their intoxication, had missed their way, and tumultuously entered the chamber.

Prince Tatchwill, major-general of artillery, who had been for some time out of service, first entered at the head of his companions; he furiously attacked the emperor, and throwing him on the ground, overturned at the same time the screen and lamp: the rest of the scene passed in darkness. Benningsen thinking that Paul wished to fly, or defend himself, cried, "For God's sake, sire, do not attempt to escape, your life is at stake; you will be killed if you make the least resistance." During this time Prince Tatchwill, Gardanow, adjutant of the horse guards, Sartarinow, colonel of artillery, who had been long discharged from active service, Prince Wereinskoï and Seriatin, officers of the guards, also out of active service, were contending with the emperor: he at first succeeded in rising from the ground, but he was thrown down again, and wounded his side and his cheek, by falling against a marble table. General Benningsen was the only one who avoided taking an active part; he repeatedly urged Paul not to defend himself. He had scarcely had time to leave the chamber a moment, to fetch a light, when on his return he perceived Paul lying on the ground, strangled with an officer's sash. Paul had made but a slight resistance, he had only put his hand between his neck and the sash, and exclaimed in French, "Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, spare me! leave me time to pray to God." These were his last words.

Benningsen seeing that Paul showed no signs of life, caused the corpse to be laid upon a bed, and his head covered. Malkow, captain of the guard, having entered with thirty men, received orders to secure all the avenues leading to the chamber of the late emperor, and not to permit any person to

enter. After these measures had been taken, Benningsen hastened to inform the grand duke at what price he ascended the throne. That prince indulged in all the expressions of the most profound affliction. When Pahlen, who had been commissioned to guard the grand staircase, and to cut off the retreat of Paul in case of need, learnt that the prince had already perished, he repaired to the new emperor. He arrived at the moment when the latter, was exclaiming, quite beside himself, "People will say that I am the assassin of my father; they promised me not to touch his life. I am the most unfortunate man in the world." Pahlen, more intent to secure the throne to the living emperor, than to shed tears for him who was dead, said to Alexander, "Sire, before all things, please to recollect that an emperor cannot take possession of the authority, without the participation of the people. One moment of weakness may have the most fatal consequences; you must not lose an instant in getting yourself acknowledged by the army."—"And what will become of my mother?"—"Sire," replied Pahlen, "I will immediately go to her majesty." In fact he immediately proceeded to the apartments of the empress. He requested the Countess of Lieven, one of the principal ladies of her majesty's household, to acquaint her with what had just happened. It is a remarkable fact that the scenes of horror which had taken place so near the apartments of that princess, had not interrupted her sleep. Waked by the Countess of Lieven, she thought at first that the countess came to prepare her for the news of the death of her daughter, the Princess Palatine of Hungary. "No, madam," replied the countess, "your majesty must survive a greater misfortune; the emperor has just died in a fit of apoplexy."—"No, no," exclaimed the empress, "he has been assassinated."—"I must then confess it to you," replied the countess. The empress then hastily dressed herself and rushed towards the chamber of Paul. In the saloon between her apartments and those of the emperor, she found Pettarozkoi, the lieutenant of the guards of Semonowski, who commanded the thirty men, whom General Dreperadowitsch had stationed there.

Such is Mr. Lloyd's interesting and circumstantial narrative of this event which took place on the 23d of March, 1801. On the following day, Alexander ascended the throne, and issued a proclamation, in which, without alluding to the misgovernment of his father, he declared he would govern according to the laws and in the spirit of his grandmother the Empress Catharine II; that, 'according to her wise plans, he might raise Russia to the highest pitch of glory.'

One of the first acts of the new emperor was to set at liberty the captains and crews of some English ships who had been sent into the interior of Russia by Paul, and to adopt pacific measures towards this country. The assassins of the late emperor were all removed from the capital, but General Benningsen was afterwards intrusted with an important command in the war with France; before, however, we give a connected memoir of the

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Emperor Alexander, which we intend doing in our next, we shall quote from the introduction a few anecdotes; the first relates to his youth:—

‘One day he went to visit Laharpe, as was his custom, alone; the porter was a new servant, and did not know him; he asked his name, and was answered Alexander. The porter then led him into the servants’ hall, told him his master was at his studies, and could not be disturbed for an hour. The servant’s homely meal was prepared, and the prince was invited to partake of it, which he did without affectation. When the hour was expired, the porter informed Laharpe that a young man of the name of Alexander had been waiting some time, and wanted to see him. “Show him in.” But what was Laharpe’s surprise to see his pupil! He wished to apologize; but Alexander, placing his finger on his lips, said, “My dear tutor, do not mention it; an hour to you is worth a day to me; and besides, I have had a hearty breakfast with your servants, which I should have lost, had I been admitted when I came.” The poor porter’s feelings may be better imagined than described; but Alexander, laughing, said, “I like you the better for it, you are an honest servant, and there are a hundred rubles to convince you that I think so.”’

Many anecdotes of the humanity of the emperor, are familiar to the public; the following relates to the dreadful inundation at St. Petersburg, on the 19th of November, 1824:—

‘That he should attempt to repair the damages caused by it, might be expected from a naturally humane and generous prince; but Alexander was not content with this; he went day by day, alone, and in a boat, to the poorest and most obscure suburbs of the capital; he examined with his own eyes the extent of the damage that had been done; he distributed with his own hands the relief immediately necessary, and was rewarded by seeing the victims of this scourge, the indigent who had lost their little all, prefer the consoling words of their benefactor to the gifts of his munificence, and think themselves indemnified for their losses by the presence of their sovereign.’

Some of the anecdotes related by Mr. Lloyd, are already in the books; others appear to be original, or less known; the following appears to us to be of the latter class:—

‘The hackney-coachmen in St. Petersburg do not much like to drive officers, and seldom let them get out without their having paid them beforehand, or leaving something in pledge. They do not object to letting other persons get out whenever they choose, and will even wait hours for them. Alexander, who was generally dressed in a very plain uniform and a gray mantle, was walking one day on the English quay, when suddenly it began to rain very fast, and he would not step into a house. He accordingly seated himself in the first *droschke* he found, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Winter Palace. As he passed by the Senate House, the guard was called under

arms, and the drums beat. The coachman looked, and said he supposed the emperor was riding by the Guard House. “You will see him very soon,” replied Alexander.

‘They at last arrived at the Winter Palace, and Alexander, who had no money about him, ordered him to stop till he sent his fare down. “No,” replied he, “you must leave me something in pledge; the officers have so many times deceived me. So you must leave me your mantle.” Alexander acquiesced, and left it with him. He directly sent down one of his footmen with five and twenty rubles, to give them to the coachman, and to say that he had driven the emperor, and to bring him the mantle. The footman did so; when, instead of the coachman’s being glad at the honour and the present, he laughed, and said: “Do you think that I am so stupid? the mantle is worth more than twenty-five rubles; who knows what you mean? perhaps you want to steal it; no, that won’t do, and unless the gentleman whom I have driven comes down himself, I shall not part with it.” Alexander had almost been obliged to go down himself, had not his chief coachman happened to come by, who confirmed what the footman had said. The poor coachman was now almost out of his wits for joy.’

From the body of the work, we have only room for one extract, which relates to the interview between the Emperor and Bonaparte at Tilsit:—

‘At Tilsit, Alexander appeared desirous of publicly appearing as the friend of Napoleon, of which some remarkable instances have been recorded; though, as they chiefly rest upon French authority, implicit credit ought, perhaps, not be given to them. On one occasion, he is reported to have addressed Napoleon with the following verse:—
“L’amitié d’un grand homme est un présent des dieux.”’

‘The two sovereigns conversed with the greatest familiarity on the organization and the administration of their dominions. Alexander explained to Napoleon the nature of the Russian government. He spoke of his senate, and of the resistance which he experienced in his attempts to do good. Napoleon, grasping his hand, immediately replied, “However large an empire may be, it is always too little for two masters.” The head and the heart of Napoleon are seen at once in these words, which are impressed with the stamp of despotism:—Machiavel himself could not have said better. We relate this fact, because we have very good reason to believe that it is authentic.

‘At the interview of the two monarchs, before the final conclusion of the peace at Tilsit, Napoleon wishing to say something mortifying to the Emperor Alexander, said to him, “Your majesty is the handsomest man I have ever seen.” Alexander answered, “I am sorry that I cannot say, *que vo’re majesté soit le plus grand homme que j’aie vu.*” Another time, when Napoleon repeated the same thing, for he was accustomed to repetition, the emperor said to him, “Sire, Suwaroff was the handsomest man of my army at Zurich.”’

A note explains this answer, which might seem unmeaning or ambiguous; and as it contains an anecdote of Suwaroff, we quote it:—

‘Alexander meant that, in his eyes, the bravest man in his empire was the handsomest. He had good reason for thinking in this manner. The following anecdote of Suwaroff will illustrate this point. On one occasion, during his campaign in Switzerland, the Russian grenadiers formed the vanguard; and, exhausted by fatigue and privations, they refused to advance. Before them were some steep heights, defended by a considerable corps of French troops, to which there was no approach except by a defile, where the Russians feared that they should perish to a man. Suwaroff rushed into the midst of the mutineers, and, on their reiterated refusal to march, he coolly ordered a pit, some feet in length, to be dug, in which he laid himself down before the astonished soldiers, saying, “Since you refuse to follow me, I am no longer your general, I remain here; this pit will be my grave. Soldiers, cover with earth the body of him who so many times led you to victory.” Moved, even to tears, but electrified by these few words, the soldiers swore never to forsake him; and, led by him, rushed into the terrible defile, where a great number of them were killed, but the rest forced the passage, and opened it to the remains of the army.’

(To be concluded in our next.)

POLWHELE’S TRADITIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

(Concluded from p 89.)

MR. POLWHELE’S second volume consists principally of literary correspondence, but some of the letters possess very little interest, except to the parties, this, however, may in some degree be excused, as the work was originally intended to be confined to the family and friends of the author. Many of the letters are, however, of general interest, and some of these we quote. The first is a letter from Mr. Polwhele to a friend, which gives a curious picture of the state of society in Cornwall eighty years ago; it is as follows:—

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,—We were declaiming, you may recollect, the other day, on the progress of information among the lower classes. I have since met with a very aged person, who related to me the following anecdote, which will serve to illustrate the subject.—“About eighty years ago, there was no place of worship at a large village to the west of Truro, distant at least five miles from its parish church; nor was there a Bible to be seen: but there were one Testament and one Common Prayer-book, which were bound together. This valuable rarity was the property of an old woman who kept the village inn, and, with the celebrated history of Robinson Crusoe, was deposited on a shelf in the kitchen. On a summer’s day, alarmed by a violent thunder storm, the villagers sought shelter under the roof which contained this sacred deposit, as the only place of safety. To make assurance doubly sure, anxious inquiry was made for Jack, the landlady’s apprentice, who had the rare good

fortune to have learnt his letters. This lad was considered a prodigy; and, being found, was desired to commence reading prayers to the terrified auditory, who were on their knees in the common drinking-room. Jack went to fetch the Prayer-book from the shelf, where it had long rested beside its companion. Unfortunately, as things were in a state of confusion, he took down the latter, and falling on his knees, began reading as fast as he could. And, from miscalling some words and misspelling others, the boy had continued some time before the error was discovered. At length, having stumbled upon the man *Friday*, his mistress cried out: "Why, Jock! thee hast got the wrong book! sure thee'rt reading prayers out of *Robinson Crusoe*!"—Jack felt this reproof as an insult offered to his superior understanding, and pertinaciously continued to read, declaring, that "*Robinson Crusoe* would as soon stop the thunder as the prayer-book."

"Since that time, several meeting-houses have been erected in the village. A Bible association has been formed; and more than one hundred guineas have been annually subscribed for the purpose of providing the subscribers and their poorer neighbours with Bibles! And what is the present religious state of that village and many others whose inhabitants were once equally simple and are now equally enlightened? Every village and every town have, together with their simplicity, lost their piety, notwithstanding all their meeting-houses and all their Bibles. They no longer—

"See God in clouds or hear him in the wind!" They no longer—But I must stop: you and I differ *toto calo* on this subject.

"In our declamations, we have each of us produced arguments, to stagger—not to convince. And you have more than once met me half ways in my opinions. On my side, I have conceded much to you:—but the question will never be set at rest.

"Your's, &c. R. P."

The next letter is interesting, as illustrative of Cornish manners: it is written by Mr. Polwhele.

"Newlyn, 1822.

"We were talking of Cornish funerals. They certainly much resemble the Irish. Such excess of drinking at the houses, and such howling at the graves of the deceased—I want words to express my sense of the indecency. It reminded me, (as I observed to you,) of a scene of riot some years ago at one of my late churches; which I noticed, on the following Sunday, from the pulpit, in a strain of censure, severe, but too justly merited. The party shrunk abashed from my reproof—I promised to copy it for you; and it is as follows:—

"Let us not cease to wonder, (said the preacher,) that with all these warnings men can persevere in the commission of almost every sin—that such is the extreme stupidity—the sottishness of many, that even with the perishing remains of mortality before them, they can plunge into intemperance without a fear, convert the house of mourning into a house of feasting, and turn even the courts of the most high God into a scene of drunkenness and

confusion. Sorry I am to be forced to instance a fact so revolting to our feelings, in the demeanour of too many of my flock, if not my hearers!—"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon," that there are some among you who have scrupled not to disgrace yourselves by intoxication during your attendance on the dead, and to render the solemnity of a funeral the mere mockery of the scornful. I have witnessed more than once—than twice—such shameless impiety; such, indeed, as I could never have believed possible, had not the evidence of my senses too painfully proved its reality. To lose himself in inebriety, at any time, is degrading to a man. To enter the church intoxicated, on any occasion, is to add profaneness to sottishness. But to come within these doors staggering beneath a corpse—to totter over the grave, or to wrangle and fight amidst the awful service that consigns 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'—who can describe such an unheard-of outrage?—It is to a late burial, that I would particularly point your attention; and sincerely do I hope, that the friends of the deceased whose funeral was so grossly violated, as well as the persons who thus exposed themselves to the vengeance of the laws, both human and divine, may be impressed with a lively sense of the transgression—may have suffered in their feelings a wound to admit of healing only through the contrition of a sinner—the repentance of a Christian; lest they, likewise, instead of mourners at their graves, should have revelers and scoffers—lest, buried as they may be 'with the burial of an ass,' no one lament over them, or cry, 'Ah! brother! or ah! sister!' Your's, truly, R. P."

We have already given some letters from Sir Walter Scott, and we now add another:—

"Letter from Sir Walter Scott to R. P."

"Edinburgh, Sept. 1814.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Baal is neither dead nor sleeping: he had only gone a journey which was likely to have landed him on the coast of Cornwall, and near your door.—In this case I should have had the honour to have made your personal acquaintance. I have been engaged for these two months last upon a pleasure-voyage with some friends. We had a good tight cutter, well fitted up and manned, belonging to the service of the Northern Light-houses, of which department my friends are commissioners. We therefore lived much at our ease, and had our motions as much under own command as winds and waves would permit. We visited the Shetland and Orkney isles, and, rounding the island by Cape Wrath, wandered for some time among the Hebrides; then went to the Irish coast and viewed the celebrated Giant's Causeway, and would have pursued our voyage Heaven knows how far, but that the American privateers were a little too near us, and the risk of falling in with them cut short our cruise: otherwise I might have landed upon the ancient shores of Corineus, and made the Fair Isabel my introduction to the bard of the west. I now return the MS. which I grieve I have detained so long. I hope, however, there will be no delay in getting it

printed by January, which is, I conceive, the earliest publishing season. I believe I shall make another adventure myself about the same time, upon a subject of Scottish history. I have called my work the *Lord of the Isles*. The greater part has been long written, but I am stupid at drawing ideal scenery, and waited until I should have a good opportunity to visit, or rather revisit, the Hebrides, where the scene is partly laid.

"On my return, I was much shocked by finding I had lost my amiable and constant friend, the Duchess of Buccleugh—a calamity of unspeakable consequence to her family, her friends, and the country at large. She was at once an example to those of her own rank, and a protectress of virtue and merit in those whom fortune had placed under her. My long intimacy in the family enabled me to observe some instances of her judgment and beneficence, which I now can hardly recollect without tears. I thought to have inscribed to her the work at which I was labouring, but alas! it will now only renew my sincere and peculiar share in a grief which is almost national. I beg pardon for intruding this melancholy subject upon you; but it will be long uppermost in the thoughts of those who shared the friendship of this lovely and lamented woman. Believe me, my dear friend, ever most truly your's,

"WALTER SCOTT."

Among the correspondents of Mr. Polwhele was the late Mr. Hardinge, and we insert the following playful and interesting letter from him to the author:—

"Letter from G. Hardinge to R. P."

"Melbourne House, Esher, May 8.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Though familiar from youth to age, and in age itself, to the syren's cup of praise, I have learnt in general to be afraid and almost ashamed of it, when I have descended into myself; but I cannot be wise enough to be diffident in the taste of a writer, though partial, who can have no wish to deceive me, and who, with a myrtle for me, sends a laurel of his own.

"You remind me, dear sir, of a departed friend, over whose memory the tears I have shed are not slow to return at the faintest allusion to him by others. But what an electric power has your wand over them, when it presents before me the living man whom I loved up to the moment that I lost him, with all the enthusiasm of Eton friendships. No gay butterflies of the summer's wing could interest me half so much as that "noble" creature, when his *mind* "was overthrown," to use Ophelia's language. The generous warmth of his princely heart, his conjugal regret, his parental anxieties, the compass of his learning, the accuracy of his taste, the little episodes of his genuine wit; but above all, the purity of his moral character, made me feel that I had met with an angel visited by calamities. I recollect his eager mention of you to me as one of his peculiar favourites, and if I do not mis-recollect, he tempted me to lay before you some anecdotes of my uncle, whose life, by the way, has been written by me, but is in manuscript, and at present reduced into no form. I live so out of the world, that although cultivating literature,

still I was unacquainted with you, not but with your fame in the mirror of critiques upon your pen, accompanied by extracts in some of the reviews. But the kind, the affectionate manner in which you have addressed me with "a language of the heart," has endeared you to me as an old friend. I will, therefore, begin to defy all gratitude, and fall without mercy upon your poem—for being so ill printed; you little know this finical age, if you think Scott himself likely to be read on paper like your's. *Apropos*, in the hurry of telling you how you have gratified me by your allusion to this friend of my heart and of my life, I could not wait even to open your leaves, except for the purpose of a desultory and fugitive glance over the introductory address to Walter Scott, which I think as beautiful as any of those graceful handmaids to his enchanting muse. You have caught his mantle and are so like him, that you would appear to the common parent Apollo:—

"——— Simillima proles
Indiscreta suis," &c. &c. &c.

Yet many of the images are quite original and your own, but in his best manner—"The vagrant eye's repose"—"the wings of living flame"—"the vengeance of a thunder-cloud breaking upon a rock"—"the vision of departed years"—the fear and the laugh—are strokes of gifted genius, which break a lance with *Marmion* or the *Lady of the Lake*.

I was half ashamed of my hermit narratives, put into the hand of that single-hearted and benevolent creature Nichols, whose philanthropy has conferred honour not upon his heroes alone, but upon his elevated spirit, which loves to commend, and rescues many a rose to light that but for him would have blushed unseen. His glorious fault is, that he is too zealous in benevolence, and may be compared with one of Homer's beautifully discriminated heroes, who lived by the road side and loved all the world.

I have just finished the memoirs of a man whose name but for him you would never have seen; but whom I intimately knew and revered. I shall hope to make you shake hands with him, and in the mean time shall beg your acceptance of a Russian trumpeter's ode, which has my name to it, *Et in Arcadia ego!*

I have been at Cotehele, and was accompanied by the Collins's girls. It was the happiest of happy days, except that he was left behind us who had prompted this enterprise for them and for me.

I long for Isabel, and thank you with grateful pride for your memory of me as Collins's friend. It may perhaps tempt your smile at the eccentricity of this friend, who, in order to know at *Ledbury* if the vicar was Collins in his remove, (or class and form,) sent him a list of the remove as far as it reached the two names, Hardinge, Collins.

The answer was equally whimsical: it was the remainder of the list. I then flew to his house, and lost three or four chopping briefs upon the circuit, for the sake of old stories with him. Farewell.

There is a letter from a J. B. to Mr. Polwhele, which contains an interesting account

of an eccentric but ingenious Cornish man, which we quote. It is dated, 1814:—

'About fifty years ago, the Hon. Daines Barrington, vice-president of the Royal Society, wrote an entertaining account of Dorothy Pentreath, of Mousehole, whom he considered as the last person that could converse in the ancient language of Cornwall. If Mr. Barrington thought Dorothy deserving biographical notice, I judge that the subject of the following brief narrative is equally entitled to attention:—

'Daniel Gum was born in the parish of Linkinhorne, in Cornwall, about the commencement of the last century, and was bred a stonecutter. In the early part of his life he was remarkable for his love of reading and a degree of reserve, even exceeding what is observable in persons of studious habits. By close application, Daniel acquired, even in his youth, a considerable stock of mathematical knowledge; and, in consequence, became celebrated throughout the parishes. Called by his occupation to hew blocks of granite on the neighbouring commons, and especially in the vicinity of that great natural curiosity, called the Cheese-wring; he discovered near this spot an immense block, whose upper surface was an inclined plane. This, it struck him, might be made the roof of a habitation such as he desired; sufficiently secluded from the busy haunts of men to enable him to pursue his studies without interruption, whilst it was contiguous to the scene of his daily labour. Immediately Daniel went to work, and cautiously excavating the earth underneath, to nearly the extent of the stone above, he obtained a habitation which he thought sufficiently commodious. The sides he lined with stone, cemented with lime, whilst a chimney was made, by perforating the earth at one side of the roof. From the elevated spot on which stood this extraordinary dwelling, could be seen Dartmoor and Exmoor on the east; Hartland on the north; the sea and the port of Plymouth on the south; and St. Austell and Roach hills on the west; with all the intermediate beautiful scenery. The top of the rock which roofed his house, served Daniel for an observatory, where, at every favourable opportunity, he watched the motions of the heavenly bodies; and on the surface of which, with his chisel, he carved a variety of diagrams, illustrative of the most difficult problems in Euclid, &c. These he left behind him, as evidences of the patience and ingenuity with which he surmounted the obstacles that his station in life had placed in the way of his mental improvement.

'But the choice of his house, and the mode in which he pursued his studies, were not his only eccentricities. His house became his chapel also; and he was never known to descend from the craggy mountain on which it stood, to attend his parish church or any other place of worship.

'Death, which alike seizes on the philosopher and the fool, at length found out the retreat of Daniel Gum, and lodged him in a house more narrow than that which he had dug for himself.

The battle of Trafalgar is an often told

tale, and yet Englishmen may be excused for dwelling on it, since it was the last great naval action, and it annihilated the naval power of two nations. It is on this account that we insert a letter from Mr. Polwhele's son, who was in the engagement to his father:—

'Spithead, Dec. 18, 1805.

'MY DEAR FATHER,—You wish to know where I was quartered, and how I was employed during the action. I was quartered on the fore-castle, with a lieutenant, mate, midshipman, and twenty men. We fought four guns, and our duty was to repair and stopper the rigging; but in ten minutes our rigging was past all stoppering. Not long after the commencement of the action the command devolved upon me; for my lieutenant was the officer who attempted to board one of our prizes, and the boat sunk under him, and he was upwards of three quarters of an hour hanging on her in the water; so that afternoon I acted both in the capacity of a commanding officer, mate, midshipman, small-arm-man, and powder-boy. For when we could not bring either of our guns to bear, I had recourse to a musket, and I and the boatswain fired till our pieces became so hot we were obliged to drop them. When I came out of action I could neither speak nor hear, nor scarcely move; but I leave you to guess what must be the feelings, the resolution, of a person in the capacity of an officer, when he hears men (as I heard) on their way to the surgeon, one in particular, with all his bowels hanging out, encouraging his gun-mates, and huzzaing along the decks as he passed below. The only thing that affected me, was some of my messmates wishing me well and shaking hands, which was a sort of thing I thought, and told them, might be dispensed with, as it only tended to cloud and not exhilarate the spirits. In action I felt myself as cool and as composed as I am now, with a determination to do my duty, and show an example to my inferiors. If I fell, I thought it would be a consolation to my friends to hear that I died fighting for my country; but Providence, in whose protection I have always trusted, has, in his great mercy, reserved me to again, I hope, fight the battles of my country. Four men fell at my quarters, and six were wounded: I leave you to judge how lucky we were, as we counted eighty-seven shot-holes in our fore-sail, which was set over our heads; another instance of the sort, I suppose, was never heard of.'

Confident that our extracts will bear us out in describing Mr. Polwhele's work as both curious and interesting, we now commit it to the public.

Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine. No. II. 8vo. pp. 232. London, 1826. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE second number of this journal, which is just published, contains several clever articles, both in the way of essay and criticism; the following, though somewhat lengthy, is a very smart satire on the Outinians, and entitled *Pen y' Less*:—

'I am Pen the less;—Pen the greater you all know. And it is to me a source of colla-

teral rejoicement that I am nephew to that great man, and shared with him in his well warranted indignation, when some mischievous newspaper joined in one paragraph, the majestic name of our common ancestor—Penn! with two such base polysyllabics as Washington and Bolivar. Why, by all the saints from St. Luke to St. Vitus, the newspaper might as well have asserted that the *chapeau bras* of the Northron, or the helmet of the Southron, equalled in circumference, the brim of my progenitor, as have compared for one instant the respective breadths of their fame. But let us wave not our hats, but this discussion; I shall pass on to subjects more generally interesting to my species. Though it must be owned, as far as the receipt of favour goes, I owe mankind, and womankind too, no allegiance; they never gave me kingdoms, (as they did to daddy Penn) nor any other valuable consideration, blessings on their good hearts; yet is not my milk of human kindness curdled into bitterness, but rather thickened into butter, and if a little salt is mingled with the composition, it is merely enough to make my commodity marketable. The fact is, I have been an unlucky man. Dr. Kitchiner with some humour animadverted on the uncertain directions in cookery books which leave such a latitude to the ignorant: "A little bit of this,—a handful of that,—a nip or pinch of t'other,—a dust of flour,—a slake of pepper,—a squeeze of lemon,—a dash of vinegar," are the constant phrases. "Season it to your palate," meaning the cook's, is another form of speech; now, if she has any, it is extremely unlikely that it is in unison with that of her employers. Nature, who, as every body knows, "orders all things for the best," in mixing the ingredients of human life, often would seem to have taken her directions from such receipt books as these, and when she "seasons the dish to her own palate," it is very often not "in unison with that of her employers." In my case I must say that the nip, dust, shake, squeeze, or dash of fortune, or luck, she thought it necessary to infuse into the composition of my destiny, was to my organs so imperceptible, that I have always considered (to use the learned doctor's phraseology) "her rule of thumb extremely indefinite." For instance, I have always experienced a very animated desire for marriage, but between mothers and daughters I have not been able to lead any one to the hymeneal altar, or even to the Gretna anvil. They no sooner found out I was Pen-ye-less, than by a necessary consequence they concluded that I was *not*, no one at all. For ladies (especially lady-mothers) are admirable logicians, and indeed unite the *silent* signs of the sister arts, logic and rhetoric, in their conduct towards their daughters' lovers; for while they extend the open hand to all rich admirers, they never fail to contract their delicate upper extremities into a determined fist, when any unqualified person dares remotely hint at obtaining, though after the most approved forms, the blushing consent of an interesting young lady. I have long since (like my beloved uncle in Spring Gar-

dens) given up all projects of individual association; but I do not the less aspire to increase and fructify, through the medium of the many happy couples who will be formed out of the hearers and admirers of me, and of my far greater and beloved uncle and preceptor in Spring Gardens, aforesaid. Of him Horace, in the delightful mystery of prophecy, speaks, when he says,—"*Unde nil—generatur ipso, nec viget quidquam*," "whence (i. e. from his not marrying) nothing is produced from himself individually," evidently pointing out the nobler way in which he was to benefit his species, while I, the unworthy child of his brains, am distinctly typified under the figure of Pallas,—"*Proximos illi tamen occupavit Pallas honores*."

"In my present lucubration I shall partly consider the folly of those mothers, who, by an indiscreet ardour, wear out the lustre of their daughters, weary mankind by a constant display of their charms, and, like the shopkeepers of a former age, or the Mother Coles of all times, disgust their customers, by the reiterated "what d'ye lack,"—"who'll buy, who'll buy?" But an example is better than pages of theory; and I have one quite handy in a douce Scotch woman and her five daughters, whose story I shall relate for the benefit of (which wants advice equally with the rising), the sinking generation; I shall merely premise, that she is not that Mrs. Sanderson, whom we have all seen (and laughed at) at the English Opera House, but Mrs. B—, of C—, in D—shire.

"Mrs. B. was descended in a right line from Galgacus, and inherited much of that ready eloquence and *peritia castrametandi*, which the Roman historian has so beautifully recorded of her ancestor. Her lord, a lineal descendant of Caracalla, had lost much of the pride of the Roman blood in its descent through Scottish strains, and was so far from being the tyrant he sprang from, that there never yet existed a more passive slave of a wife's magnanimity. However fate released him and left her sole dominatrix of his lands and chattels, and one son and five daughters, whose early days were spent in the beautiful simplicity of rural life, which can only be adequately expressed in the words of a Scottish writer,—"*Necklaces did they wear, in their playful glee, of the purple fruit that feeds the small birds on the moor, and beautiful was the gentle stain then visible over the blue veins of their milk-white bosoms*;" but when in time these lassies sprung up to years of—indiscretion, which I take to be what are vulgarly called the teens, this prudent mamma was resolved (we love to quote), that so much "hair floating in sunny light yet seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure," so many "eyes beaming with such lustre," so many "white arms extended in their beauty," so many motions, "gentle and gliding as the sunshine, when a cloud is rolled away," should not go to waste; so she cast about for men worthy and capable of appreciating them. There is in Scotland a delightful community of interest, that knits into one

thorny rope the individual thistles of the Caledonian stem, and enables them by those feelers, that present an insurmountable prickliness to the touch of others, to grasp and cling to each other the more implicitly. Nor does this adhesiveness abandon them in a foreign clime, so that in spite of those hard-featured and unamiable peculiarities, which we may at first suppose would have restricted this hardy weed to its own rock, there are few places that cannot boast specimens of it, and there are few spots of the great globe in which a Scot (proverbially speaking), cannot avail himself of the protection or countenance of a brother "Scot, of a rat, or of a new castle-grinding stone." It is this intrinsic merit that procures success to all Scotch undertakings. Hence the outrageous *northing* of British India; hence the continuance of the *black mail* levied by Mr. Christopher North's gallowglasses upon taste, feeling, and common sense.

"But to return to our good lady. Taking advantage of this common sympathy, she induced every general officer or chieftain of her name or kin, (and she was kin to half Scotland, and her *puir gude-man* to the other half,) to send in the best qualified men of their sept or regiment, according to the muster-roll of her previous inquiries. Without distinction or partiality, Hieland or Lawland, with breeks or without them, they were invited most cordially to shoot over the moors of Mrs. B—, of C—, in D—shire. But one way or another these warriors escaped from the ambush; some indeed came off limping, but as brave men will do, having escaped the danger, they proved their mettle by making light of it. Not discouraged by a country failure, she now changed the scene of action, and broke, like an aurora borealis, on the arctic splendours of Auld Reekie. It is impossible to exaggerate the thrillings and throbbings that agitated and nobilified the hearts or midriffs of the legal dandies of the metropolis at this lovely apparition of rosy cheeks and flaxen ringlets; but the injunctions of the ladye mother were imperative, not to suffer such an abomination, as the hand of a medical student, (unless to feel a pulse,) or of a writer to the signet, (unless to draw a settlement,) but, above all, and on no account, (and all will here approve her caution,) of a Blackwood Magaziner, to approach the glove of any one of the Misses B., of C—, in D—shire.—Nor did the great unsophisticated good sense of the girls for a moment allow them to doubt the wisdom of so easy a prohibition. The Esquimaux of literature were thus obliged to satisfy themselves with the distant beams of these luminaries, as they skirted their horizon during a long winter; and made no more approximation to the five B.'s, than they do to wit, imagination, judgment, candour, or liberality.

"But though Mrs. B., of C—, in D—shire, succeeded so well in the preventive service, her offensive measures were not crowned with the expected and merited success. Though, night after night, she exposed her classic group in the prettiest attitudes, though she gave admission gratis to all those

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conoscenti about town, who could value and pay for this kind of *chef d'œuvre*, yet alas, her stock still remained upon hand. Though she beat up every cover, and nosed every spot, to which she could mark a "distinguished foreigner," or a "popular nobleman," it was in vain she set, for her daughters contrived rather provokingly to miss fire; or, if they did "make the feathers fly," the victim contrived still more provokingly not to die of his wounds, till out of sight.

The season passed away, nor, with all her activity, had she been able to impound one stray earl, or a single trespassing Southron of capital. She stood like Niobe, petrified with all her pretty virgins about her; only less classical in the cause of her affliction, she mourned because she had *not* lost one of them. Undaunted by the repulses of her native land, she followed the footsteps of her ancestors, and resolved to forage awhile on the pastures of merry England. She gave up her house in — street, let her country place to a retired meal-merchant, first putting her household on board wages; and then squeezing her numerous brood into the family coach, she cast about her eyes for a suitable watering-place. As the "Great Unknown" had not, at that time, so much as baked the bricks of St. Ronan's well, whose freedom you may, by the particular grace of his special *Constables*, acquire at the moderate duty of £1. 10s. (though many may think it, at this rate, dearer than Tunbridge in summer,) it was quite out of the question, that she should gratify her watery propensities at home. The ocean, too, that growls round Scotland, being merely a medium for the catching and cleaning of herrings, was not likely to recompense her more exalted piscatory intentions. The desert spring is not more grateful to the thirsty *Camels*, than was their first reception at a watering-place to this other Scotch family. I forget the name of that basin of water, whether it ended in *borough*, *gate*, or *mouth*, in which it pleased the northern nymphs first to wash their skins. Nor does it make much odds. All watering-places are alike agreeable to persons whose pretensions are greater than their realities, whose means are broader than their comprehensions, and whose pride is more extensive than either. For here their pretensions are not questioned, their means ensure consideration, and their pride is consequently gratified. Great was the sensation excited in the —shire Gazette, or —borough Intelligencer on the arrival and departure of Mrs. B. and suite. Mrs. B. and the Misses B. stamped in Saxon characters, on a pink card, with a running border of fleur-de-lys, was on every sofa-table that aspired to fashion. The distorted mirror over the chimney-piece, ornamented with a thing that seemed a wooden magpie snapping a bit of gilt gingerbread, defricated and indented by master's teeth, but trying to look like an eagle grasping a laurel, was feathered about with a never-moulting plumage of invitations to "tea and cards." At her door the master of the ceremonies deposited his earliest card; at her door long sauntered the Irish baronet ere he could sign his latest P. D. A.

But still marriage appeared (like the rising sun to the Persian) at once the most constantly invoked, as well as the most distant object in Mrs. B.'s horizon. Though observant of the season as grouse, partridge, or woodcock, the five Miss B.'s managed to escape a Scarborough August, a Weymouth September, and a Brighton winter; Mrs. B., after having, like the lapwing, scoured the coast of England, and like him too, put herself in painful attitudes to serve her brood, found the sea look black upon her, as it does in the maps of the late Doctor Rees's Encyclopædia, (the lamented friend of my beloved uncle in Spring Gardens aforesaid,) and, like the Britons, was driven back by the waves upon the barbarians of the interior. She had heard much of those extraordinary powers of excitement and provocation to marriage with which Providence has endowed certain mineral springs. The lovely Araminta B. got up a slight liver complaint for the occasion, and away all posted to a chalybeate, a sulphuro-muriate, or a sulphuro-muriatico-hydro-carbonate spa.

In olden times, cities and towns were founded by two bodies of men, that have now sunk into comparative insignificance—the barons and the monks. When the world was divided between war and superstition, men clustered about a castle or a monastery, and looked for food and safety in the skirts of a fortress, or the parings of a fat glebe. But in modern England, a new race of builders has arisen, and, as Romulus was suckled by wolves, so towns now quaff life at a medical teat. No sooner does a physician stumble on a foundling well, than he adopts it, as honest Ulric adopted Undine, and with that humanity which is the distinguishing characteristic of their tribe, cherishes it in exact proportion to the excess of its effluvia, the deformity of its complexion, and the insufferableness of its quality. After much mystery and more pamphlets, the bitter sweet is in due time announced to the world, and christened after the name of the most nauseous and unpronounceable mineral of the Mat. Med. By an understanding of the "trade," a gouty lord or hippish dowager is consigned thither from the metropolis, and if he or she do not die till the following year, the fortune of the place and of its disinterested sponsor are made—for within a twelvemonth the barren spot, like an epic of Southey's, stands thick with crescents, rows, bazaars, circi, temples, pagodas, gardens, which are all Royal, Pleasant, Chinese, Regent, Metropolitan, Paragon, Belvidere, or Medicean. And the prospects of the sprightly invalids are enlivened with a ball-room, a master of the ceremonies, and a dispensary and a spacious churchyard. As sea-breezes are apt to puff away those thick mists of the hypochondriacal fancy, so favourable to medical exertions, and as the neighbourhood of the salt water is known to corrupt the choicest chalybeates, no wonder our fashionable physicians should possess themselves with most absolute sway of the Mercian provinces. Nor is it more surprising that Mrs. B. having, like other philosophers, failed in her attempts on the tides, should now direct her

calculations to the *Mediterranean*. Here again the sensation she created was, as Cobbett says, intense. Whatever well Mrs. B. chose for the nonce, truth seemed to lie at the bottom of it; whatever bath the Miss B.'s disported in, at once doubled its floating capital of medicaments; whatever spring Mrs. B. and the Miss B.'s drank of, became, like Purgon's remedy, "emollient, abstersif, et astringent." The host that followed them, like the army of Xerxes, drank rivers in a day. If Mrs. B. pitched her tent at the pump-room, the Naiad of the stream had to second her urn with a forcing apparatus. If Mrs. B. took a house on the Crescent, as Albert upon Lebanon, "the Crescent came on." If she dined at a table d'hôte, the waiters the next day had to put a new leaf to the table. Harrowgate and Buxton, Bath and Cheltenham, Leamington and Malvern, by turns echoed to the fame of Mrs. B. and the five Miss B.'s—but alas for Mrs. B. the Miss B.'s at the end of two years were the Miss B.'s still. Of all that host with whom the daughters had danced, sung, waltzed, rode, pick-nicked, écarted, flirted, or coquetted, not one had been springed by the mother, I can only account for the strange perverseness of mankind in avoiding this quintuple opportunity of becoming happy for life, by Mrs. B.'s aversion to Irish gentlemen, particularly on the H. P. list, and by her animosity in pursuit of a certain earl who, after various doublings, fairly escaped *all the B.'s* in a Calais steamer.

But still their cheeks were blooming, and their locks were flaxen, and, as the final overthrow of Bonaparte at this period gave our beloved island an opportunity of discharging on the Continent its long-pent absurdities, Mrs. B. was determined not to be behind-hand, nor to miss the occasion of acquiring foreign graces, and performing, with all proper solemnity, the grand tour. Many reasons concurred to fortify her in this resolution. The not unfrequent rebuffs she had experienced from some of the English dignitaries of fashion, confirmed her in a fixed opinion of their barbarism and consequent unfitness for Caledonian intimacy. The French, she averred, were much more like the Scotch, only "no sae clean;" the Corso was "vera like the High Strit, only no sae lang;" and the Improvisatori were "no far bhin' Blackwood's chieils, only their wit was mair accidental." Her son, raw from St. Andrew's, a big lad with mountainous cheek bones, and a frith of a mouth, whom she was as anxious to keep single, as she was to marry his sisters, she carried with her to perfect his humanities at Milan. She was desirous that her daughters should, in foreign climes, soften down their native accomplishments, curb the Highland fling to the swimming *pas* of France, and moderate their "Lawland notes" with Italian *Sol fa la*—in short, acquire those little talents, which, in the words of Grammont, "valent quelque chose quand on est permis de les mettre en usage." Howsoever it may grieve the Platonic reader, my close intimacy with truth compels me to say, that, as the five Miss B.'s went on the grand tour, so from the grand

tour they came the five Miss B.'s. Yet was not poor Mrs. B. to blame, for never did poor devil work harder to unbind one knot, than Mrs. B. did to tie five. For this object she gave *soirées* at Paris, and days and nights to manoeuvre—for this she scrambled up the Swiss mountains—and for this, like the French king, she came down again—for this she laid ambuscades on the Simplon, and enfiladed Thrasymane. At Rome, at Florence, and at Naples, her house was as open as the temple of Janus in war time. On horseback, on foot, with mules, from boats or calèches, up Vesuvius, down Pausilipo, in the bay of Naples, on the lake of Como, steering, sailing, *vetturino*-wise, *in posto*, in the saloon, in the Vatican, in the carnival, in masquerade, in the bath, waltzing, sketching, reciting, squalling, picturesquing, picture-hunting, statue-gazing, German fashion, French fashion, *à l'Anglaise*, in every attitude, under every form, did Mrs. B. show off the Misses B. in vain. All her approaches to the men were, like those of the famed Hibernian, "obnoxious."—Although the respectability of the mother, and the charms of the daughter, soon filled the hotel with the lisping accents of love, in Italian, French, and German,—though, like Pope, "they lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," yet with equal facility the numbers went, nor left behind so much as an echo of a sound. The Misses B. seemed from time to time on the extreme verge of "being blessed for life," but the Fates still dashed the untasted cup from their lips. A grand cross of Malta, with two thousand castles in Carpathia, rode off on a vow of chastity with the hearts of three out of the five Miss B.'s of C—, in D—shire, and was followed on his only courser by the hereditary prince of something—Buttel, in Germany, with the other two, and with a rent-roll considerably shorter than his mustachios. Who succeeded the Prince Regnant, or the champion of Christendom, I know not, but certain it is, our Queen B. did not attract any one out of the swarm, though in her search after a husband, she, like her countrywoman, in her search after happiness, did not stop any length to pawn her flaxen commodities on her customers—

"Farewell, ma'am—nay—no ceremony, I beg—

Ye'll no' be for the linnen then? quo' Peg."

'Being by birth a predestinarian, and by nature of a sanguine temperament, Mrs. B. derived consolation from reflecting, that "What man be mun be," and that the greatest woman-market in the world, (except Constantinople,) lay still open to her and untried. So for London she started, having murdered nothing on the continent, but the name of each individual town or state she travelled through, or talked of, by right of conquest exacting from every syllable, French, Tuscan, or German, a discretionary surrender to the unwritten laws of Caledonian prosody. Mrs. B. seized forthwith on a ready furnished house, in — Square, or one of its outlets, and, by a holy alliance of private frugality with public ostentation, contrived, in process of time, to strike a faint half note in the orchestra of fashion. By aid of clan-

nish sympathy, she got admission to the boards of those northern thanes, who came, for three months every year, to thaw in the capital. She inserted her own and her daughters' plump persons, into the heaving mountain of a rout, on every practicable opening. She accepted, with noisy satisfaction, every new ball invitation, and patronized, with enthusiasm, every charity that would admit her. She wound up the rotatory dynamics of her breathless but delighted daughters to answer suitably the *empressement* of every titled waltzer. She laboured to quaff the draught of fashion, for which she panted, if possible, unmixed with baser ingredients; in the progress of which design, she attained some little skill in the art of cutting; and in her treatment of country cousins, went as near as possible into the opinion of those political economists, who maintain that the country is only to be tolerated so far as it is useful to the town. But what was weather-slating or rough-dashing to her ambition, she at length obtained—single tickets for Almack's! By a good deal of cringing, and some secondary influence, Mrs. B. and the five Miss B.'s of C—in D—shire, *by turns* spent some half-dozen Wednesday nights and Thursday mornings with Collinet, coronets, weak tea, and brown bread and butter. "The lady patronesses were unco kind and vera condescendin';" and could I draw the curtain, or in other words, peep thro' Willis's blanket upon the fair hexarchy, I might discover "to my friends and the public," that mixture of some good-nature with more scorn, from which the arbitresses of fashion vouchsafed to the lassies a few rare opportunities of jumping for a husband. But the mournful part of an ower true tale is still to be told; the five Miss B.'s are the five Miss B.'s still. Often when Mrs. B. had made sure of a viscount, or at least of a general officer, these latter, satisfied with handing the young ladies to their carriages, fled from the steps like Adonis.—

"Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky, So flies he through the dark from Venus' eye." The years of our B.'s, like the legs of Virgil's, are, "thymi plena," full of time, and Mrs. B. the indefatigable has almost despaired of success. Of late the hinges at Willis's have grown rusty, and that two-handed engine, man, smites less frequently at Mrs. B.'s door. Mrs. B., fixed in the centre of her pentagon of virgins, seems unable to determine the problem which has combined them into this displeasing diagram. O thou my thrice beloved, and nine times celebrated, and eighty-one times venerated uncle of Spring Gardens aforesaid, to whom I am no more than is the sucking pig to its ancient grandpapa, why wilt thou not take up thy native quill, and explain the difficulty on the most approved principles of Outinianism?"

ORIGINAL.

NEW MOTIVE ENGINE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In this age of science, all its lovers will be happy in learning that they are soon likely to be favoured with a motive engine, which, according to present appearance, bids

fair not to rival, but to outdo the steam-engine.

It may be in the knowledge of many of your readers, that some years since, that acute chymist, Mr. Faraday, discovered the means of condensing into a liquid state several of the gases, which had till then been considered permanently elastic or incondensable.

From the great atmospheric pressure and the low temperature necessary to preserve them in the liquid state, and their easy and sudden expansibility, it became evident to several ingenious men, that this circumstance, far from being a matter of curiosity only, might be converted to the most useful purposes as a moving force; exceeding in power any thing of which we had hitherto had any conception.

Many and various have been the modes resorted to by those engaged in experimenting in this arduous affair, to construct a vessel so impervious as to confine these highly attenuated gases.

Mr. Brunel, however, has at last succeeded in casting a cylinder in which to confine carbonic acid, this being the substance he has chosen for his operations; and he is so perfectly convinced of his success in his undertaking, as to have taken out a patent for a machine of this kind, and is now actually engaged in constructing one on this new principle.

Last night, at the conversazione at the Royal Institution, the members and their friends having withdrawn into the lecture-room, Mr. Faraday made known to them this highly interesting invention, and entered into a description of the mode of operation of the machine, and the manner of generating the carbonic acid and of elevating it into the gaseous state.

I wish I could give you as accurate a description of the machine as he did, but if I were able, my limits would not permit me. I shall do my best; but as it is quite new to me, I fear I shall be very deficient.

There are, then, as I understand, five vertical cylinders, the middle one having a piston, and performing the same part as the cylinder and piston of a steam-engine. But what moves the piston? I have said there are five cylinders. In the two exterior ones, the carbonic acid is confined, and is there alternately in one and the other expanded and condensed, operating at each alternation on the piston in the middle cylinder. The mode of operation is thus: several small tubes pass completely through the exterior cylinders, exposing a great surface to the liquid within, and by passing through these tubes alternately a hot and cold medium, the liquid carbonic acid is converted into the gaseous, and then the liquid state. Being elevated to the gaseous state, the pressure becomes immense; varying from thirty atmospheres and upwards many degrees. This pressure existing, there is a connection from the upper part of the cylinder, by means of a tube, with another cylinder, which is situated between the generator and the one in which the piston moves; this middle cylinder is filled with oil, and communicates from the lower part to the upper of

under side of the piston, according to the side on which it may be situated. On the surface of the oil is placed a thin piece of wood, fitted exactly to the interior of the cylinder; the gas now entering, presses upon the surface of the pieces of wood, forces down the oil, and so elevates or depresses the piston. I hope success will attend this invention.

If any thing can add to these rational conversaziones and lectures, it is the liberal manner in which the managers conduct them, and Mr. Faraday's pleasing manner of delivering his ideas to his audience, which is that of a man meeting an old and familiar friend whom he is heartily glad to see, and telling him all he knows.

Saturday, 11th Feb. 1826. NAUTICUS.

ON COMBINATIONS AMONG WORKMEN.
THE following observations on the combination laws are from Mr. Kendall's Letters on Ireland:—

There should be no laws against combination, but only against the vices of combination; against violence, either to persons or to property, and against all unlawful coercion. The workman has the same right of protection against the illegal exercise of force by his fellow-workmen, as to his writ of Habeas Corpus. The right of combination, in the mean time, has nothing in it intrinsically unlawful—has nothing, therefore, which ought to be rendered unlawful in itself. If the London brewers, for example, have a right to combine, (and let it be supposed that the combination is as much for the sake of public convenience and benefit, as for private profit,) for the establishment, at their own pleasure, of an uniform price for their porter; the labourers of all descriptions have an equal right to combine for the establishment, at their own pleasure, of an uniform price for their labour. But the right, in either case, terminates here. If any particular brewer should choose to sell his porter cheaper than others, and if the others, or any particular part of the others, should thereupon set fire to his premises, or interrupt his sale, or assault his person, or attempt to levy fines, the law would find a way to deal with the offence, without at all inquiring into the general or particular merits of the combination. It wants, then, only to apply to the workmen the same law that you apply to the capitalist. It wants only the absence of all legal inequality as to the equal obligations of the rich and the poor to keep the public peace; and to leave to every man the right to the shadow of his own vine. But, from the want of attending to these distinctions, and these similarities, you get involved in argumentative difficulties. You get embarrassed between a right which is easily shown to be undoubted, and a cause of action which is as easily shown to be insufferable; and you fall into the error of creating one law for the rich, and another law for the poor. Linen-draper has a right to combine, that is, to agree as to the prices of their calicoes; but one workman has no more right to coerce nor molest another workman, as to the amount of the

wages for which he will work, than one linen-draper has to break the windows or the head of the shopkeeper opposite to him, who chooses to sell cheaper than himself, and even than all the rest of the trade. Every single man is, by himself, to be the keeper of his own interests, and the judge of his own property and motives. The interest, on the other hand, which every workman, every trader, has, in keeping up the prices of labour or of goods, by means of a war of monopoly against consumption; by the prohibition of all other workmen and traders to work or to sell cheaper, (that is, more advantageously to the capitalist or to the public,) than himself; and the duty of the law to protect the general body of the workmen, and the general body of the public, from such coercions and monopolies; to protect the interests of the many, against the interests of the few; are things self-evident. If the full freedom of all individuals, commercial as well as others, is not protected; if the workman cannot work, nor the employer employ, at his own pleasure; then there is no government—for the existing government does not answer the ends for which it exists. Security and peace, foreign and domestic, is the essential end, the trade, the vocation, the immediate business of a government. Every thing else is a work of ornament, or, at the most, of superaddition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET TO HOPE.

BY MRS. CAREY,

Author of Lasting Impressions.

ENCHANTING pow'r! who, when life's thousand cares

Press on the heart—canst bid the future rise
Bright as the rainbow tints, when summer skies
Distil the cooling show'r. Oh! could my pray'rs

Recall thee, dear deluder! then, once more,
This heart might glow, e'en as it glow'd, before
Sorrow had chill'd its current, and Despair
Spread its dense gloom around. But ah! in vain

I court thy smile: for, as false meteors fly
Now here, now there, and mock the wand'rer's eye

With shapes unreal—so thy shining train
All that thy visions picture bright and fair—
Dazzle awhile, then vanish from the sight,
And leave misfortune's heir to darker deeper night.

THE EXILE SON.

AFAR from all that once were dear,
In dawning manhood's hope and pride,
Without a friend to shed a tear,
Alone he suffered, groaned, and died;
By stranger forms his corse was borne,
Unwept, unto its last cold bed,
And left unhonoured and forlorn
Among the uncommuning dead.

O'er his lone grave no dear one mourned,
For none were near to weep for him;
No heart bereft in anguish burned,
No cheek grew pale, no bright eye dim;
But 'plaining stock-dove sung his dirge,
And sighing sea-breeze moaned alone,
While ocean's foaming billowy surge
Round his last rest sounds wildly on.

But far away sad spirits dreamed
Of coming hours of blissful love,

And hope's rose light in beauty gleamed,
Like stars revealing heaven above,
When the sunk heart again put on
The feelings of its earlier years,
And caught from scenes of pleasure gone,
Sweet light to gild its present tears.

And round the winter hearth, whose light
Blent with the gloom, like hope with fear,
Loved ones watched out the lingering night,
Musing of hours, long lost, still dear—
Far dearer now, for ever past—

When life was like an angel's lyre,
Each moment sweeter than the last,
And glowing with elysian fire.

Alone they sat where he had been,
The brave, the fair, in happier days,
The spirit of each joyous scene,
When all the world was love and praise,
And hope, deferred, grew sick and vain,
Expectance turned to doubt, and dread
Of ill fell on the heart with pain

They only know whose hearts have bled.
And long, long days and nights went by,
No tidings came—and weeks rolled on,
And months of sleepless agony,
With the last hope had come and gone,
When from the ocean's bosom came
A voice that told of death, and o'er
Crushed hearts it dropped like liquid flame,
Searing the chords that thrilled before.

Alas! when first his mother clasped
That long-loved, lovely, only child—
When, in his young delight, he grasped
Her guiding hand and fondly smiled,
And caught from her each look he wore,
And turned to her from every foe,
While she saw charms unknown before
In his cheek's bloom and eye's rich glow;

And felt her heart's warm current flow
With love beyond man's thought, and rise
With each infantile want and woe,
Like brightening stars at dark midnight,
This hour's last anguish, this despair
Would to her soul have been a dream
As wild, as false, as madmen's are—
Shadows of shades on life's bright stream!

How sad would be our lot below,
Were gathering woes to man revealed,
Or could he read time's scroll and know
The secret sorrows for us sealed!
Each fearful hour still hurrying on
To consummate some awful deed,
Each thought bent on the moments gone,
To bring the day of doom decreed!

Fate's last worst vial has been poured,—
Earth cannot bring a grief like this;
All that the world-sick heart adored,
All that it treasured for its bliss
Hath passed and vanished in the gloom
Of death's lone vale, and all the love
That perished at the opening tomb,
Must pass away and bloom above.

Wake—wake her not to conscious pain!
The fount is full, oh! let it rest!
Joy cannot smile for her again,
But dreams may tell her she is bless'd;
Break not the spell, whose soothing power
Throws pleasures past o'er present woes,
And bears from young love's vesper bower
Light to illumine life's darkest close! L. P.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(Continued from p. 94).

OF Landseer's pictures, it is almost impossible too speak in too strong terms of commendation; not indeed as productions of the higher

walk of art, but as most admirable specimens of that branch of it to which they belong,—as nearly its very *ne plus ultra*. There are, moreover, a peculiar taste and sentiment in his compositions, which we rarely meet with in such subjects, and which stamp on them a value of a higher order. His Interior of a Highland Cottage is an admirable example of this; for, although there is only one figure, an old woman, it possesses far more interest and expression than are usually to be met with in conversation pieces and scenes of familiar life. There is a breadth and vigour of execution in this piece which show great originality. The colouring, too, is clear and brilliant, without being at all meretricious; and the whole composition is exceedingly picturesque. This is certainly one of the very best pictures this artist ever painted; and yet we hardly know whether we do not prefer his Dog and Shadow; which is certainly the finest little *bijou* of such a subject we ever beheld. The animal is admirably painted,—full of nature, truth, and character; nor is the landscape less sweetly touched: there is also a very pleasing episodic trait in this picture, we mean the cap and shoes on the bank of the brook, the effect of which is more easily felt than described. Such little touches as this add more to the interest and effect of a piece of this kind than would be imagined. His Widow, which we must remark, is rather a quaint affected title for a picture, consisting of a duck uttering a cry of anguish over the dead body of its mate—is exquisitely painted: and the same remark will apply to his Deer Hound and Dead Game, Dead Deer and Highlander, &c.

Mulready's Convalescent, which appears to have been improved since it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, pleases us even better than it did then, for it is one of those pictures which are more relished the oftener they are seen. This, unfortunately, cannot be said of the generality of subjects of this description, where even if the composition be good, there is so little of either mind or expression, that they will not bear to be studied. Indeed, there are more than either one or two pictures in the present exhibition, to which the latter remark will apply very forcibly, for their sole merit is that which catches the eye at the first glance. Some of these are little more than mere common place groups, without either incident or meaning, or if they have any meaning, it is very difficult to make it out.

Among these kind of subjects, there are several, too, which possess not even the attraction of tolerable execution to atone for their other defects. A most abominable and disgraceful example of this kind is a piece called the Stupid Apprentice, which could certainly never have been looked at before it was hung up; and strange, too, to say, this daub occupies a very prominent situation. We had always hitherto considered that the British Institution required at least some little pretensions to talent in the pictures it admitted, whatever may be the case at Somerset House; but from this specimen of art, and one or two others that we could point out, it is far more indulgent in this respect than we

could wish. Young ladies have, we presume, a privilege to exhibit namby-pamby pictures, ill drawn and badly coloured, that they may behold their names in the catalogue; but we did not before know that the license was so liberally extended to others.

Sharp's Bottle of Champagne is certainly not deficient in the *vis comica*; but even humour may be too broad; and we cannot help wishing that this artist had selected for his pencil some subject not so closely allied to the disgusting, as this unfortunately is, since even its merit renders it disagreeable. A similar objection applies, though not quite so strongly, to the Cupboard Lover, by Kidd; where a kitchen-maid's *cher ami*—a monstrous unwieldy lout, is discovered by her master, secreted in a closet, he having unfortunately been interrupted in a *tête-à-tête à la fourchette* with the damsel, and obliged to secrete himself. As to the execution of this piece, it is exceedingly slight and sketchy, and by no means such as to make amends for the vulgarity of the incident. Neither is the expression of the countenances particularly happy or well-marked: the best head is that of the mistress, who is standing behind her husband, and peering over his shoulder through her spectacles, anxious to behold the swain, who has been regaling himself at her expense.

(To be continued in our next.)

[THE following critique on the British Gallery is from the pen of an intelligent and known correspondent.—ED.]

THE present exhibition contains much that is good, and much that is worthless. We observe, however, a greater number of historical and scriptural pieces in the collection this year, than is customary. This we are glad to see, as it shows there is a good spirit among us, and an ambition to scale the highest summits of the art. If a failure must be experienced, it were better to break your neck by tumbling from the top of Mount Blanc, than out of a two pair of stairs window.

Without comparison, the finest picture in the room, for originality and sublimity of conception, is Mr. Martin's Deluge. Indeed, every thing upon which this artist exercises his talents, however trite or hackneyed the subject, is immediately made his own, by his singularly grand imagination. We do not say that it is faultless; nay, there are many and heavy charges which may be alleged against it, but they are faults which arise from daring too much, from being carried forward by an overheated imagination, till the execution sinks under the design. On the right hand of the picture is a bleak and craggy rock, upon which the people who have escaped from the whelmed valleys are flying for refuge; the grouping here, the various attitudes dictated by grief, fear, impiety, or despair; the desolate and gloomy-looking crag, which remains yet above the waters, is beyond all praise. The sun above rises 'red and angry,' and the whole atmosphere is tinged with a lurid light, heightening the horrors of destruction. On the left of the picture the sea is rising against the

rock; this is the most faulty part of the whole scene; the curl of the waves is most outrageously inconsistent with nature, or even effect. We are at a loss whether to attribute this to intention or carelessness. The colouring also of the waters is unnatural; they are tints which no shadows or dimness in the air could ever produce. But these are trifles when placed in competition with the grandeur, dignity, and awful sublimity of the whole design.

The Combat, by Etty, which was exhibited at Somerset House last spring, makes a prominent feature at the British Institution. The imploring attitude of the woman in this picture is deservedly reckoned one of the finest specimens of modern art. The other figures do not please us so much: the conqueror is a clumsy figure, in an unpleasing attitude, and without much expression, and the vanquished hero does not appear to us all that his finely contrasted situation might have led us to expect.

Christ crowned with Thorns, by W. Hilton, is a very grand and very great picture. The colouring is very fine and effective, and the attitudes and grouping well chosen. The expression of our Saviour's countenance is good, but not very great; but nothing can surpass the insolence and mockery of the slave who is thrusting the rod into Christ's fettered hand.

Pharaoh's Submission, by B. R. Haydon, is a powerful picture—but Mr. Haydon can do better things. There is a regal dignity in the figure of Pharaoh, and an air of stern grandeur in those of Moses and Aaron; but there is little expression in the countenances. The colouring is very happy in general; but the countenance of the mother bending over her first-born, looks more like a ghost than the pallid hue of fear and sorrow.

The Trial of William Lord Russel, by G. Hayter, is an admirable picture. Nothing can exceed the eager and affectionate earnestness of Lady Russel, expressed in her attitude and countenance, as she leans towards her husband. The figure of Lord Russel himself, we think, is not impassioned enough; it is stiff, calm, and stately, but does not remind us of the firm and impressive dignity which characterized the deportment of that unfortunate nobleman during the scene here represented.

Mr. Westall's picture of Mary Magdalene, Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, at the sepulchre of Christ, is no favourite with us. The countenances resemble all his countenances in features and beauty; but there is a sad lack of interest, expression, and effect.

Mary Stuart's Farewell to France, by E. D. Leahy, is also, we think a failure. The countenance of the Lady Mary beams with any thing rather than that beauty, the fame of which has remained as a by-word even to our day. The colouring, too, is injudicious; indeed the ashy hue of her cheeks reminds us sadly of the ill effects worked upon the unexperienced by

'The glad waters of the dark blue sea.'
Joseph interpreting the Dream of Pharaoh's chief Baker, by John Hayter, is a very

clever figure agonized tenance

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Ther consider mention by E. W. E. by C. Kent, b the Ch Robert

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an acco turns o liberti personi seducti of his in Mr. was his and yet in a re Kemble Duke d and w fessing

clever piece. The youth and fine manly figure of Joseph is well contrasted with the agonized features and dark muscular countenance of the baker.

Christ dispossessing the Demoniacs, by W. C. Ross, is a piece of considerable merit and power. The mild bearing of our Saviour, the calm dignity of his figure, standing before the frantic attitudes of the madman, presents one of those happy contrasts which an artist should always aim at. Besides this the grouping and colouring display much taste and judgment.

The Porteus Mob, by H. P. Parker, appears to us a very clever picture; but it is placed in so injudicious a situation, that it is by no means easy to distinguish its merits or demerits.

Amongst the comic pieces, the Mistletoe, by R. Farrier, is entitled to much commendation. The disappointed countenance of the rustic whose gallantry has been rewarded by a box of the ear, and the arch humour of his innamorata remind us of Wilkie.

There are also some very good landscapes in the collection, but the day was so unfavourable that we are little able to do them justice. Those which struck us most were an Italian scene, by William Linton, a most delicious piece; Sunset, by D. Wolskelholme, jun.; The Church of St. Ouen, by C. R. Stanley; Scene on the River Jolt, by E. Landseer; Iphigenia, by J. R. Walker; and a Landscape, by J. G. Strutt.

There are also some smaller pieces of very considerable merit. Among these we may mention the Interior of a Highland Cottage, by E. Landseer; Children with a Dove, by W. E. West; a Market Boat on the Scheldt, by C. Stanfield; a View on the Coast of Kent, by John Ward; one of the Chapels of the Church of St. Jacques, at Dieppe, by D. Roberts; and Alashtar, by George Hayter.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—A new play, got up for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. Charles Kemble's person in half-a-dozen gaudy and fantastic dresses, or with the less innocent view of ascertaining how far morality and public decency can be outraged on the stage, was produced at this theatre on Saturday last. It is called the *French Libertine*, and is in five acts. A puff prelude told the public that the deputy licenser, Mr. Colman, interfered with the name of the play;—he should have done more, or not have meddled at all. We will not insult our readers with an account of the plot of the piece, which turns on the licentious amours of a French libertine, the Duke of Rougement, very well personified by Mr. Charles Kemble, and the seduction by him of Mrs. Dorival, the wife of his friend. If there was any one feature in Mr. Kean's case worse than another, it was his duplicity to the cornuted alderman; and yet we have this introduced on the stage in a revolting scene, in which Mr. Charles Kemble—we beg pardon—his Grace the Duke of Rougement, addresses the husband and wife by turns, and while he is professing the most ardent friendship to the

former, is making love—in short, seducing the latter. The wife, too, is made to talk of her dishonour, and even confess it to her husband. We really pitied Mrs. Sloman when we saw her forced into this part, which more than one lady at this house could have played without a blush, and been more in character! The acting in the play and the scenery was good, but its immoral tendency drew down on it much disapprobation, and we never saw a play that deserved it more.

MR. BARTLEY'S LECTURE.—Mr. Bartley has commenced his annual lectures on astronomy at the English Opera-House, and illustrates them by some most excellent machinery elucidatory of this delightful science, which it is better calculated to teach than many treatises on the subject. To the student the lecture is valuable, and to the professor interesting, while to the public in general it cannot fail of affording a most rational treat.

An Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Survey of the City of Westminster; including biographical anecdotes of illustrious and eminent persons connected with the city, is preparing for publication, uniform with Neale and Brayley's History of Westminster Abbey.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

EPITAPH

On an old Miser, who, after accumulating a large fortune by ways sinister, shot himself through the head.

John and the Devil had long run a race,
And, what's very odd, had kept equal pace;
But John's fancy to gold at last changing for lead,
He set off in a crack and has now shot-a-head.
D. L.

IMPROMPTU.

'Tis cloudy,' cried Tom, 'and feels damp I declare,
To a friend as they walk'd on their way,
That friend, looking wise, said, 'Indeed it bids fair
To be a complete rainy day!' J. M. L.

Bonaparte, looking over one of Madame de Genlis's outrageously moral novels, exclaimed, 'Madame Genlis, I see, writes of virtue with all the ardour of a new acquaintance.'

When any thing occurs to prevent the French theatres from opening—such as the anniversary of Louis XVth's death, it is called a *relache*, and you see this word posted up every where at the head of the bills giving the succeeding night's performance. A couple of years ago, Farley and Charles Kemble were in Paris, in search of novelties for Covent Garden, and, of course, kept a sharp eye on the bills. One of these holidays happened to occur, and the word was displayed in great capitals as usual. 'Gad, Charles,' said Farley, 'we must have that—devilish popular piece that *Relache*—you see it is announced at every theatre. I wonder who wrote it!'—*Representative*.

French Academy.—The Duke de Montmorency's seat in the French Academy con-

tinues to provoke the wit of the Parisians. The feeling with respect to his right to the honour, (if honour it may be called,) may be gathered from the fact, that the following couplet was applied to him by acclamation at the *Ambigu Comique* a few nights ago:—

'L'Academie est un bal
Où par un revers fatal
Jocrisse entre assez souvent
En costume de savant.
'Th' Academy's a masquerade,
Where oft a sad mistake is made,
When simple Cymon thither hies
In a philosopher's disguise.'

Jocrisse is the standing name of a booby in the French plays.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	1 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Feb. 10	30	36	34	30 27	Fair.
.... 11	35	37	33	.. 18	Do.
.... 12	45	48	40	.. 17	Cloudy.
.... 13	42	47	42	.. 7	Fair.
.... 14	44	46	44	29 97	Rain.
.... 15	45	48	45	.. 92	Fair.
.... 16	45	49	42	.. 75	Do.

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January 22	7280
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Sworn before me, this 14th day of February, 1826.
WILLIAM VENABLES, Mayor.

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'Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sapor fessis in gramine.'

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